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Poetry.

WISH'T I WUS A GURL.

Wish't I wus a gurl,
Stid uv bein' a boy,
An' bang my hair, an' eat ice cream,
An' ride ahind my feller's team,
Like gurls duz—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
An' when't come Sunday nite
I'd whack that old planner,
Just clean up outen site,
An' I'd marry some rich feller
Like gurls duz—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
I'd just chaw gum and talk,
An' when out ter promerod
I'd take up all the walk,
Like some gurls duz—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
All boys good fer is't
Ter carry coal an' run odd jobs
An' git off the walk for dudy snobs
Like I did t'other nite—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
Wish't the Lord made all boys gurls,
An' made gurls boys tud ben the same
An' I'd ben Lizy Ann by name,
An' she'd been John or Joe stid of Jane,
Wish't he had—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!
—Bradford (Pa.) Era.

LINES TO A BLOTTING PAD.

Thou kindly porous plaster for the ills
Occasioned by the ink a poet spills,
Absorb unto thyself his many faults.
And sponge his verse where rhyme or rhythm halts!
Yet, let perchance thy too retentive touch
Appropriate, in passing, overmuch,
Pray leave a trace of what he would imply
Were thought but free and ink allowed to dry!
In former times they sprinkled out the sand
To sweep it off, and let the writing stand;
While nowadays a line is hardly writ
Ere we regret and seek to alter it.
And spend in emendation so much pains
That scarce an inkling of the truth remains.
So, for the nonce, let my poor pen run free
And leave recorded, whatsoe'er it be!
Grant it expression for a final line,
And all that went before is gladly thine!
Then will this proscript yet suffice to show:
"I'll love sweet Alice long as ink shall flow."
—W. D. Ellwanger in the Bookman.

THIS IS REAL LIFE.

A rooster flies upon the fence,
Just hear him crow!
His satisfaction is immense,
His self-possession is intense;
His lusty wings give evidence
That this is so.

Another rooster sees him there
And hears him crow.
With flapping wings he cleaves the air,
The fence-top is too small to share,
And so they fight, and scratch, and tear
Till down they go.

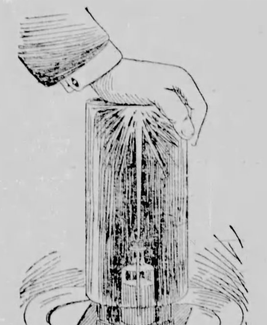
So 'tis in life. When any man
Gets eminent,
Some jealous rival tries to plan
Some way to down him if he can;
And if he just upsets the pan
He feels content.

Miscellany.

MINIATURE FOUNTAIN.

A Pretty Experiment, and Very Easy to Accomplish.

Let us tell you how to make a miniature fountain, and a very pretty experiment it is. The details are so well shown in the accompanying illustration that you might almost make the experiment without a verbal description, but we give it nevertheless.



Get a small empty bottle, similar to those used for vaseline or pomade, and through the cork make a hole with a hot wire. Run a stout straw or a small glass tube through the hole, the lower end of it reaching nearly to the bottom of the bottle.

Having poured water into the bottle until it is about three-fourth full, put in the cork and seal it hermetically with varnish or sealing wax. Now lay two or three pieces of blotting-paper upon the bottom of a plate and moisten them. Having placed the small bottle upon the blotting-paper, invert over it a pickle-jar, or some other kind of glass bottle, which has been warmed over a gas flame.

Press down hard upon the jar to prevent the air from entering at the bottom, and in a short time the contraction of the air from the cooling of the jar will cause a little jet of water to rise through the tube from the small bottle, thus making an automatic fountain. The spray will strike the top of the jar and break into little crystal drops with a very pretty effect.

WILL HOIST THE PRICE.

Bike Makers Are Working to Make the Public Pay More.

The recent cut in the price of high grade bicycles will not last long, if the manufacturers can help it, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The makers of bikes are doing heroic work in trying to limit the production so as to steady the price. Several of the largest concerns have agents at work getting the large number of wheel industries to enter a combination as inevitable ruin stares a majority in the face.

A number of Pittsburghers recently attempted to organize a large company to sell bicycles on the installment plan. Before they undertook the task of organizing a company an emissary was sent among manufacturers to learn what the prospects were of maintaining the price. He was assured that a combination was being formed which would act as a lever to steady prices.

According to the plan adopted a large number of bicycle factories will close down to reduce the output, while those keeping their works running will refuse to sell wheels to agencies where the price has been cut. Pittsburg is one of the places marked, and if the agreement is lived up to a famine in wheels will be the result in this vicinity, and cyclers will have to pay the fancy price asked or do without a machine. It is questionable if all the manufacturers of cheap grade wheels will agree to close down their shops or refuse to sell wheels on orders.

It has been proven that first-class wheels only cost when completed $23, and the low priced wheels cost somewhat less. At the lowest price wheels are being made for to-day there is money in the business, and it will be a difficult matter to cause a shut down of the large number of factories exploited on small capital, while a dollar is in sight. The agencies have also taken to disregarding the agreements they make with manufacturers as competition is too fierce to stand on any restrictive measures.

Urgent.

"Mrs. Small," said the lodger to his landlady, "I thought you didn't allow smoking in the parlor?"

"I don't," replied Mrs. Small, with energy. "Who's doing it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, if you have time you might step in and remonstrate with the lamp."—Tid Bits.

COST A SMALL FORTUNE.

Dinner for Thirty for Which a Young Man Paid $15,000.

The most striking decorations I have ever seen upon a dining table were shown to a few persons before the repast and after everything was in place, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. It was at a famous New York restaurant, one which is noted the world over. There a young man with a purse longer than his pedigree gave the entertainment to a restricted number of the 400, thirty in number, if rightly remembered.

For the occasion had been an immense oval table, with a large central tank, in the similitude of a lakelet. Bordering this a sheet of clear water stood, as if naturally growing, water plants, with graceful, drooping leaves lilies and iris. These were made to give an artistic fringe, but not enough to shut out a view of the lakelet. For swimming in it was a full-grown swan, with proudly arching neck and defiant eye, king of the pent-up waters.

From the edge of the lake to the outer circumference of the large oval, imbedded in moss and looking as if they had always grown there, were pots of plants in blossom, decreasing in height as they approached the edge. Heavy with fragrance stood hyacinths and trained rose sprays, while the outer circle consisted entirely of violets. These ended in half circles, leaving just room for the plates of the guests. Thus the entire space was covered with a lake and encompassing moss and blossoms.

From the edge of the lake rose slender vine and rose-colored columns, terminating perhaps a dozen feet above in a kind of Turkish kiosk of a light and graceful shape. Here were caged canaries, singing enough to split their little throats. The tout-ensemble exceeded description, or even imagination.

How much conversation could be enjoyed about that immense banquet table with the frightened swan in front the singing birds above and the overpowering fragrance of flowers about all, can be readily estimated. Altogether it killed the royal bird. Whether the guests all survived, deponent knoweth not. With utilitarian regard to cost, it must be added that the expenses of this one dinner were between $15,000 and $20,000. Happily for the good sense of the people, such a lump of money is seldom expended so foolishly.

TIP THE BARBER OR SUFFER.

Troubles That May Overtake a Prudent Man in New York Shops.

The subject of barber's tips has bobbed up again for discussion. Every man who patronizes a barber shop instead of shaving himself knows what a heavy tax these tips are. The man who gets shaved in a first-class shop and forgets to tip the barber at least 10 cents is bound to feel uncomfortable the next time he goes there. Men who don't tip are spotted after the first visit in many shops, and they are made to feel their delinquency in a dozen little ways of which the proprietor is apparently ignorant. There are shrugs of the shoulder and sneers and little delays that disappear as soon as one begins to tip.

One barber shop in a down-town hotel depends on strangers almost entirely for its patronage, says the New York Sun. After one visit to it the victim swears that he never will go there again. As soon as one enters the door he is the centre of a struggle between three colored bootblacks. They spring from different corners of the room and push and fight with one another for the victim's hat. The man who wants a shave no sooner emerges from this encounter than he finds that half a dozen barbers are bidding for his patronage. As soon as he is safely anchored in a chair his troubles double. The man who is shaving him tells him that his hair is falling out. Will he have a little elixir on it? If he nods he will find after he has been shaved that the bottle has been wrapped up for him, and $1 added to his check. His barber will try to sell him half a dozen different lotions, and the victim is pretty sure to find one or two of them charged on his check, whether he has ordered them or not. The barbers get a commission on each bottle sold. If he fails to offer a tip promptly, the barbers will ask for it; so will the colored bootblacks.

Not long ago a New Jersey man got shaved in this shop, and rather than talk he nodded to everything that the barber said. When he left the chair a check for $3.60 was presented to him. He found that he had bought three bottles of hair tonic that he didn't want, but he had to pay for them, despite his protests. This is only one of half a dozen similar shops in New York where a man must at least tip if he expects to escape without trouble.

FOR COOLER DAYS.

A Little Silk Muff Can Be Carried With a Persian Silk Bodice.

One cannot live in an outing suit in June, however much one may wish to do so. The wardrobe must contain warm and dressy fabrics for cool days and for calling.

A very rich bodice, which also answers for coat over a thin silk waist, is one of light Persian silk. The ground-

SNUG IN PERSIAN SILK.

work is palest blue and the twirling pattern a deep blue and dark red alternately. Immense sleeves and high neck give the fashionable muffled appearance on the street. The waist of the bodice or coat is Persian silk, striped in deep red and black, with pale blue spots upon it. A fantastic but harmonious conception.

Around the neck is worn a double ruffle of mousseline de soie of pale blue, and upon the bodice falls another ruffle of the same. A small bonnet, trimmed with Persian ribbon in the same colors, complete the rich ensemble.

Parisian ladies when calling carry a small silk muff. Inside there lie the card-case, the perfumed handkerchief and the vinaigrette. On a hot day the long gloves dangle from the muff in which the white hands are snugly folded. This entire costume is particularly becoming to a slender figure, giving fulness and color. It is, moreover, not very warm, for Persian silk is cool.

He Knew.

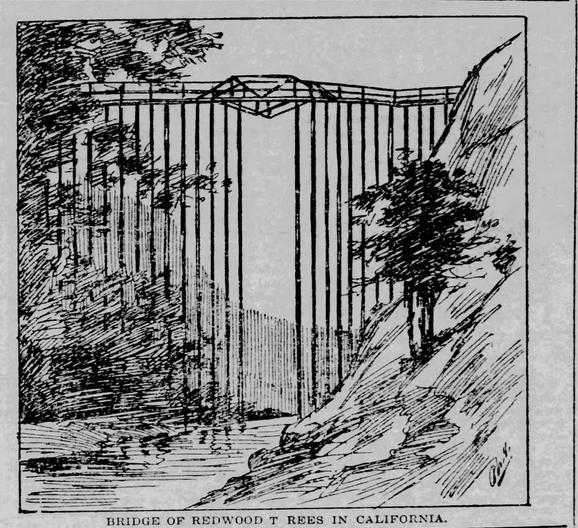
She—Did you knowthat Maud has a dark room on purpose for proposals?

He—Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night.—Princeton Tiger.

BRIDGE OF TREES

Strange Structure in Use for Nearly Forty Years.

There is no more remarkable wooden bridge in the world than the one which crosses Cerritos creek on the stage road between San Mateo and Pescadero, a few miles north of San Gregario, Cal. This peculiar and picturesque structure is built



BRIDGE OF REDWOOD TREES IN CALIFORNIA.

entirely of the trunks of native redwood trees, and is in a fair state of preservation.

The most striking thing about the appearance of this bridge, says the San Francisco Call, is its enormous height. The center span crosses the creek ninety feet above the water.

It is not known who the engineers were that built the bridge nor just what facilities they had for doing the work. The structure was put up about 1858 and has remained in constant use ever since. It is true the stages do not cross it now, but foot passengers and smaller vehicles use it regularly. The only effect of its long years of service is a slight sag at the northern end.

The redwood trees of which the bridge was built were hauled from the forests about fifteen miles away. How they were placed in position is something past finding out, as there is nobody living in the locality that remembers when the bridge was put up. And, indeed, it looks as if the job would puzzle an engineer of to-day, even though he were given the use of all modern appliances, which the other did not have.

In all there are seventy upright supports in the bridge, and they must have been stood on end entirely by the use of ropes, pulleys and muscle. Those in the center of the bridge are the highest and the others get shorter and shorter as they climb the bank on either side.

Very few braces are used, so that the bridge presents the appearance of a series of straight poles reaching across the ravine.

The country in this vicinity is picturesque and wild, and the bridge does not look the least bit out of place. In fact, it rather blends into the landscape. It does not present a very beautiful appearance nor does it look grotesque.

TWO-YEAR-OLD BABES

Betrothed by a Queer Couple Living in Indiana.

They do all sorts of queer things in Indiana, just as queer as in any other patch of country in the world. And especially are the Hoosiers eccentric in the matter of marriages. The latest evidence of this Hoosier matrimonial

THE FUTURE MAN AND WIFE.

patriarch that could be found, and the parents stood sponsors for the fulfillment of the vow by the babies.

IRELAND'S ANCIENT LANGUAGE.

Manifold Beauties of the Tongue Once Spoken in the Emerald Isle.

This Gaelic is a wonderful language, says the New York World. Think of it, a tongue that has been spoken and survived the vicissitudes of 4,000 years, the tongue to which all occidental languages must refer their origin, the vernacular of the mighty children of Er. Although for twelve years I have been cognizant of its noble lineage, yet this knowledge is not at all common; in fact the history of the language is forgotten, not alone by strangers, but by men whose birthright it is. I have heard Irishmen who spoke the language so ignorant of its origin as to call it Celtic.

The value of the Gaal-Sciothic or Erian will be quickly appreciated by the scholar who wishes to master the Latin and Greek. The master of the Gaalic tongue has the key to unlock the sealed meaning of the historical and geographical names of the ancient world; by that knowledge he will be able to trace up every region into which the Erian attained either by land or sea. Now to put what I say to a practical test, when you go to your homes to-day, if you have a son or daughter, a brother or sister attending school, the more pretentious the institution the better, ask them the meaning and derivation of Asia, Africa, Europe, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Greece, Sardinia, Armorica, Iberia, Germania, Macedonia, London, Caledonia, Erinon, Saturn, Jupiter, Satyr, Satrap, Corybantic, etc.

The Gaalic is a language with a copious vocabulary. The Latin has a vocabulary of less than 20,000 words.

The Gaalic has 59,224. The Greek, if we count up all its dialects, which is scarcely fair to do, has 60,000 words.

A widespread interest in the study and preservation of the Gaalic is growing apace. I have received communications from scholars from all quarters of the civilized world regarding the Gaalic. Yet the great universities are slow to establish it as a part of their curriculum, more as I have been given to understand from the fewness of men equipped to profess it than from any want of appreciating its worth.

Exasperating.

Stranger (to one-armed man)—Been in the army, I take it?

Complacent one-armed man—Never in my life.

"Machinery, maybe?"

"No."

"Wreck?"

"Never was in a wreck?"

Five minutes' silence.

"Blood poisoning made it necessary to amputate it, maybe?"

"No."

Ever fight a duel?"

"Never."

Finally the one-armed man spoke.

"I see you are naturally curious to know how I lost my arm. Well, I will tell you on one condition—viz., if you will ask no further questions."

The assent was readily given.

"Well, sir, it was bit off."—Washington Evening Times.

Evidently Misunderstood.

How long is New York to be content with a lower civilization than London?—New York Herald.

As long as she keeps behind Philadelphia in the procession.—Philadelphia Call.

We said lower civilization, not slower.

Easily Explained.

She—How on earth does he manage to strike a match on his side whiskers?

He—How? Didn't you notice that they were sandy whiskers?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Aroused Her Sympathy.

Conductor—Fare, please, miss.

Mrs. Fetlish (who is thirty-nine)—There is a quarter. Keep the change for yourself. These horrid companies are so grinding.

GOWNS OF LINEN CRASH.

This Cloth Trimmed With Batiste, Fine Chiffon and Jets.

Those who make a point of being cool in summer can find themselves marvelously accommodated. Stuffs run linenward and linen is the one substance that does not heat the body. It is even too cool for many temperaments.

A dress of tan linen crash was made very simply over a stiffened lining. Its sleeves were moderately large and its waist and skirt plain. The beauty of the dress was supplied by its fichu and belt.

The former was an elaborate combination of pierced batiste of a tan shade with small jets and bright stones sewed upon it. Around the edge was a small jetted fringe. At the shoulders

ITS BEAUTY WAS ITS FICHU.

there was a rosette of white chiffon, which stood smartly at the head of a chiffon shoulder trimming. The latter was a deep ruff of chiffon laid upon the shoulder and sewed fast to the batiste. The fichu fastened in the back with three paste buttons.

The belt, a narrow affair, was of white satin studded with colored stones. This was the only pronounced thing in the toilette, which was of cream and tan throughout, except the hat. This was a very soft shade of butter-colored silk and straw. The silk was made into stiffened bows, which set well forward. The back of the hat was trimmed with a big jeweled butterfly.

Can This Be So?

Bacon—I see they've put up a sounding board back of the minister's pulpit. What do you suppose that's for?

Egbert—Why, it is to throw out the sound.

"Gracious! If you throw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left in the sermon!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Our Story Teller.

POOR MISS BRACKENTHORPE

Or, She Must Have Had a Romance After All.

BY BENSON BENTLEY.

In general conversation Miss Brackenthorpe did not shine, and on the present occasion, while everybody was discussing the great subject of guides, she had but little to say. John Grey, in answer to the deprecatory term "duffers," which had been so lightly used by Miss Brackenthorpe's young demigod, had discoursed for upwards of ten minutes on the subject, most exhaustively, as he and his wife silently agreed.

"In fact, considering all things," added Mr. Grey, winding up his peroration, "I think we may consider that the Swiss guides are excellent good fellows."

There was a moment's silence; he seemed to have the argument all to himself. The demigod, as far as could be seen in the darkening twilight, was sinking into a placid slumber; the Reverend Timothy, who seldom volunteered an opinion, nodded his head slowly.

Mrs. Grey, of course, had no opinion of her own, and felt no need of capping her husband's remarks.

Then, in the silence and the twilight arose a faint, hesitating voice:

"I do think some of the guides very handsome, don't you?"

The remark, despite the last two words, was apparently addressed to the entire company. No one replied, but a suppressed laugh went round the group.

Really, dear Miss Brackenthorpe, we couldn't guess, you know—" began Mrs. Grey.

Fortunately there was not sufficient daylight left to betray the blushes that rose to the cheeks of poor Miss Brackenthorpe; for once in her life she knew she had said the wrong thing, and feebly tried to relieve her position.

"I mean," she stammered—"that is to say—of course one can't help thinking—"

But the demigod had awakened from his slumber

"I tell you what it is," he said in his cheeriest tones, "a guide is like an old servant. You have heard the adage: 'For the first seven years a good servant, the next seven years a kind master, the next seven a cruel tyrant.' But as regards Swiss guides, you must substitute days for years. My guide has been with me more than a fortnight, so you may guess at my subjection."

The young hero laughed as he said this, with an air of good-humored power and knowledge of his own strength and capabilities that amused every one and positively enthralled Miss Brackenthorpe. She felt impelled to talk to him; the increasing darkness gave her courage; besides, John Grey had entered on a fresh argument with the Scotchman, and under cover of the sound of their voices she was able to carry out her intention. Furthermore, furthermore, favored her; she was sitting closest to the demigod, and Mrs. Grey, whose satire she dreaded without understanding it, was farthest from her in the group.

"Do you," she murmured softly—"do you like the little mountain flowers?"

"Do I?" replied the demigod with affability. "Indeed, I hardly know; I am afraid I am not at all learned about flowers."

"But you pick them? Oh, I think they are so exquisite! I love them better than all our English garden flowers. There is a sort of atmosphere of the mountains about them, something so wild, so free."

Her new friend looked somewhat puzzled.

"What brutes we men must be!" he answered gently. "Do you know, I am almost afraid to tell you, but I have sometimes felt a real pleasure in treading on the gentians, and trying to cut off the heads of the big daisies with my stick?"

"Really!" Miss Brackenthorpe gave a little sigh. "I—I always thought that the strongest natures should be the tenderest and the most pitiful," she murmured very softly. "I can't bear to think otherwise. It is one of the most beautiful thoughts in the world," added this romantic creature in an undertone.

Her interlocutor was astonished, he stroked his beard thoughtfully. He felt no inclination to laugh at her, as Mrs. Grey would have done; on the contrary, there was something in the tremulous timidity of her tone which touched him.

"I believe you are quite right," he answered, with honest conviction. "Well, I won't tread on the flowers more than I can help for the future, but I am afraid that all big lumbering fellows—"

"Is Miss Brackenthorpe talking to you about her favorite flowers?" asked Mrs. Grey, shifting her position, and taking a seat between that lady and the young man.

"She has quite a passion for these tiny wild flowers, and so have I for that matter, you know. I always was fond of flowers, wasn't I, John?"

"Yes, my dear," said John, somewhat impatiently. He was gathering all kinds of interesting facts about the "law of hypothec" from the Aberdonian, and resented the intrusion.

"I think all ladies are fond of flowers," said the demigod, who was still stroking his beard meditatively.

"The earliest mention that we have in the Scriptures on this subject," began the Rev. Timothy in a sermonizing tone, "is, curiously enough, not where our Mother Eve—"

"Don't you think it is time to go to bed?" asked Mrs. Grey, jumping up tired you know, Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, are you ready?"

"Quite ready," replied that meek spinster, putting her tatting hurriedly away in an ugly little contrivance, made of American cloth and blue ribbon, which she always carried in her pocket. Yet perhaps in all her life she had never felt so little ready. She would have given a few years of that dreary life to continue her pleasant converse at this moment. It was so seldom that she talked to a young man, a bona fide, handsome, unmarried aimable young man! For, to the shame of young men be it spoken, they did not usually seek out the companionship of poor Miss Brackenthorpe! Above all young men that she had ever seen, this gentle giant, this courteous demigod pleased her best. She felt a sudden and great sympathy with him, though he was as the spheres and she was as nothing.

Strange to say, though they two were so dissimilar, and, though she never for an instant expected aught of him she was certain that, had she been allowed the chance, she would have poured out to him the whole of her pent up, stagnant, old maidish heart. Absurd as it may seem, she had an intuitive consciousness of his sympathy, and she fancied that somehow, by a strange freak of mesmeric influence, he could understand and appreciate that heart that was so sadly unaccustomed to be either understood or appreciated.

At Mrs. Grey's order every one jumped up. It was certainly full time to go upstairs, the ladies had packing to do and everybody said good-night to everybody else. Miss Brackenthorpe rose with the rest, but she had replaced her tatting in its accustomed receptacle with more than her usual negligence, for, as she rose, the ball of thread rolled down to the floor and wound itself round the stalwart legs of the demigod, who was politely intending to open the door for her exit. Those stalwart limbs knew nothing of the slender shackles that bound them, but Miss Brackenthorpe felt a sudden pull at her pocket.

"Dear me, dear me, my thread," cried the poor lady, appearing to grope with outstretched hands in the semi-darkness that surrounded her. "Here—there; no—here; oh, I beg your pardon; yes—here."

"What is it?" asked every voice, that of the offender included. He walked quickly back to his former place and broke the thread as he came, then, when he saw what had happened, he tried to extricate himself and mend matters, but only made them worse, for, as he turned round and round, he wound the thread all the more about his legs, and broke and twisted it again and again.

"I am so sorry," he said humbly. He was red in the face with the efforts he made to disentangle himself. At last John Grey, who was in fits of laughter, released him. Mrs. Grey was graciously amused.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, your pretty work! I am afraid we shall never make the gentlemen appreciate it though."

Poor Miss Brackenthorpe looked nervous and guilty.

"Can you forgive me?" asked the liberated giant, with a sweet smile as he offered her his hand for a "good-night" salutation. It was such a bewildering sweet smile, that Miss Brackenthorpe felt she would like to spend her substance in buying balls of thread to win such smiles. She gazed up into his face with silent rapture; no one before now had ever asked her to forgive him. She knew not how to answer.

"I told you I was a great, lumbering fellow," he went on.

"Oh, no, no."

Her tremulous hand lay fluttering in his, which closed upon it with what he thought was a gentle squeeze. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe bit her lips; but pleasure is akin to pain.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe," said Mrs. Grey, "I really must ask you to let me pass; I am so very tired of standing."

The spinster "effaced" herself against the door; her moment of happiness was over; someone put a lighted candle in her hand, and she followed Mrs. Grey and the Scotch lady upstairs. She had scarcely reached the landing when she thought of the very thing she ought to have said to the demigod. What a pity she had not thought of it before! She leaned over the balustrade, thought she knew it was too late, for there was not a soul in sight. She could hear some manly voices at the front door, then she smelt a whiff of cigar smoke.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe are you looking for one of the waiters?" asked Mrs. Grey, pausing on the way.

"Oh, no, not a waiter," answered the poor thing with unnecessary candor. "That is, I mean, no one at all."

Miss Brackenthorpe was, by predilection, a late riser, and, when forced by circumstances and Swiss custom generally to rise earlier than she liked she was seldom punctual, but generally made a tardy and somewhat untidy appearance at the breakfast table. She was one of those people who are always losing their keys, whose buttons will never get buttoned, whose strings have a trick of tying themselves into knots, whenever she hurried herself in any way pins ran into her fingers, and the things she most wanted hid themselves away into odd corners of the room. But, on the following morning to her meeting with her young hero, Miss Brackenthorpe was alert and ready—the first of all her party. She dressed herself with unusual precision and care, and made her way down to the salle, while Mrs. Grey was yet turning in her bed, wondering whether it was absolutely impossible to indulge in one more scanty snooze before John looked in to exclaim for the tenth time:

"Really, my dear!"

There was nobody in the salle but a waiter, in his shabby black clothes and dirty but elaborate shirt front, looked as if he had been up all night. He was noisily placing the thick white cups and saucers and plates at that end of the long dining table where the Greys and their Scotch friends were to breakfast. There were no signs of breakfast as yet, however; only the usual glass bowl of honey, wherein countless flies had already drowned themselves. But there was something else on the table that immediately attracted Miss Brackenthorpe's gaze; it was a bunch of wild flowers, hastily tied together, and simply laid upon a plate, on Mrs. Gray's plate, evidently.

Poor Miss Brackenthorpe's heart palpitated with a crowd of varied feelings as she drew near and took up the flowers. Her trembler hands shook.

"Ah, yes," the waiter said, spasmodically, "de gentleman, he leave dem for de lady."

"What gentleman?"

"De gentleman who gone away dis morning."

"Gone away!"

"Yes, yes, de tall Englishman; him gone away on de mountains wid his guide. He very early gentleman."

Gone! And so also were gone the pleasant dreams and fancies that, like a pack of cards, the poor soul had built up within her own mind; dreams and fancies thoroughly intangible truly, and misty, yet none the less precious to her. It was not much she had looked for! only two or three more kind words, a glance, a smile of sympathy, a few of those small tokens of good will which the strong (and therefore the rich ones of the earth) can bestow on their poorer, weaker brothers and sisters—tokens which are so easy to give, so blessed to receive! But her hero was gone, and, in going, had left behind him sweet memories. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe could scarcely believe her eyes; there was a small piece of paper attached to the flowers, and on it was written:

"For Miss Brackenthorpe; a peace offering."

Her eyes grew dim, her pulse beat high.

"He not coming back," said the waiter, shaking his head solemnly as he banged the chairs about, and pretended to dust them with a greasy napkin; "he walked many miles to-day over de mountains, and then take de train to Geneva."

Miss Brackenthorpe sat down, the fresh wind blew in at the open window, she held her hand over the flowers to shield them; she longed foolishly to press them to her lips. But who can sympathize with a romantic heart that is no longer young? Perhaps the poor soul was conscious herself that what might have been pardonable in others was impossible for her; at any rate, she stole quickly upstairs, and opening the knapsack that held her slender luggage, she hid the flowers away reverently and lovingly in a small handbox. It is true that in order to make room for them she was obliged to turn out her best cap. Mrs. Grey inquired for it some days afterward, having missed it from its owner's head at table d'hote, but she was not surprised to learn that it was only one of the many things that poor Miss Brackenthorpe had "left behind."

That wary strategist was sitting innocently occupied with her tatting when the other travelers came down to breakfast. Everybody was much surprised and disappointed to hear of the early departure of the young Englishman, a piece of news which Miss Brackenthorpe had apparently casually learned from the waiter. Mrs. Grey especially was loud in his praises, and it was she who anxiously scanned the pages of the visitors' book to find his name. But it was not there. The other names were there in full, the Greys having written them down immediately on their arrival.

The master of the hotel, when appealed to, was much annoyed to find that the Englishman had departed so requisite details of his name, occupation and residence, according to custom. He swore roundly at the waiters, but they having received largesse from the stranger, cared but little for their employer's angry words, and shrugged their shoulders carelessly as they went on their way rejoicing to smash some more of his china.

The guide was also a stranger, apparently.

"But what on earth can it possibly signify, my dear?" asked John Grey indignantly at last. "What does it concern us whether the fellow's name is Smith, Jones or Robinson? For heaven's sake pour out the coffee; he may go to Zermati, or to Jericho, for all I care."

And so the matter ended. At least it nearly ended so.

A year afterward, somewhat suddenly, poor Miss Brackenthorpe died. Her demise was not wholly unexpected; she had been known to have a heart trouble. Nor did it materially distress any one. Mrs. Grey was a little annoyed, as she was obliged to put off a dinner party to which, among other guests, the Prime Minister and an archbishop had promised to come.

But if no one grieved, no one benefited, for poor Miss Brackenthorpe had but little property to give away. A friend in New South Wales received a quaint old ring, the Greys a silver teapot, a cousin in Hampshire a few trifling legacies. One of the said cousin's daughters, a happy-faced girl of eighteen, became the possessor of the spinster's little writing desk, an old-fashioned thing of rosewood. It was empty of all papers, except a few unimportant; but one day as the girl lifted the lid somewhat roughly a secret spring gave way, and an inner drawer was suddenly disclosed. Within the drawer lay a bunch of withered wild flowers, so dried up that they crackled and fell to pieces at the first touch. Tied to them was a piece of paper, whereon was written in bold, manly characters:

"For Miss Brackenthorpe; a peace offering."

Only think, mamma," exclaimed the young girl with a little laugh—"poor Miss Brackenthorpe must have had a romance, after all!"

COMING OF THE GRECIAN WAIST.

Fashion to Allow the Lines of the Venus de Milo and the Diana.

Now Fashion comes along, and from her recognized seat of authority, Paris, has been issued the edict that she was mistaken when she counselled a wasp's waist for women, and that, in reality, it is a hideous thing, and no longer to be counterbalanced by women who follow her laws. Hence all the French dressmakers are discountenancing the slender waist, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Fragility in that respect is to be rigidly avoided, they say, and the really lovely lines of Fashion's waist are those of the Venus de Milo, and of the Pallas, and of the Diana. The Greek woman must now be taken as examples and followed. Those women had waists of perfect beauty, these modern clothiers of women have suddenly discovered, and the cast of the future waist must be upon the Greek model. The beauty and the grace of the lines of the ancient women of Greece are now in the minds of all the Parisian women, and the reform has not started in any lukewarm fashion, but has suddenly become the watchword and the rigid law.

And so what writers, doctors and specialists without number have been unable to do, Dame Fashion with one edict has accomplish. Without stopping to dissect the folly or wisdom of the source from which spring the surest reforms in such a matter as this, women and men may well congratulate themselves that the reform has occurred, irrespective of how it happened or whence it came. The sane, natural waist of woman is here, and the hour-glass variety has ceased to be, except for those women who choose to be out of style.

PRESTIGE OF THE PRESS.

Great Everywhere, and Only Small Minds Think Evil of It.

As in New York, so in London, writes "Walsingham," in the Boston Herald, the daily newspapers keep all classes thoroughly and exhaustively posted, from a coup d'etat to a wedding breakfast, and even in the conservative modern Babylon "society journalism" has acquired a dignity and an importance combined that would never have been predicted in the early days of Labouchere's Truth and its rival, the World, whose late editor "Labby" was accustomed to address so ingeniously "Edmund" in cold type.

While Labouchere and his home staff supply trenchant comments on English topics that are still as a radical red rag to the conservative bull, Mrs. Emily Crawford, who possesses the combination of masculine terseness with feminine intuition, throws brilliant side lights on European society and politics under the caption of correspondence from Paris. This accomplished Irish woman enjoys the rare privilege of personal acquaintance with all the celebrities of the day, whether in court circles, art, literature or politics, and this column is one of the most shining examplifications of the social status of the modern journalist.

At home here in America, as abroad, the representative of a great journal is no longer cold shouldered or apt to be misunderstood. It is his own fault if he does not accumulate the cream of up-to-date existence, for in his presence people are apt to appear at their best. The politician assumes the stature of the statesman; the careful man, with an ambition to get on in life, becomes a diplomatist, the prima donna and the great actress, wreathed in smiles, are more sparkling and amiable to him than, say, to their manager, or even to the "leading man" or the tenor; the fashionable beauty talks better than she does to the man of millions, and the Presidential candidate makes even his silence eloquent, as in the recent case of William McKinley versus Murat Halstead.

It is very rarely that the man who "hates the newspapers" shows his horns as did a very ambitious gentleman, indeed, to a Washington correspondent. His greeting to the youth who entered the room at his invitation was emphatic.

"D—n you reporters!" he said.

The youth, who had a basso profundo voice, thundered back:

"D—n you politicians!"

The great man gasped: "Why, sir, do you know who—what do you mean?"

"I mean just what you meant," answered the youth.

The "interview" then proceeded amicably enough—like the best way of preparing lobster a l'Americaine.

The New Light.

The fond father was listening to his son's eminently able valedictory, with a smile of pride upon his face.

"The holy light of education is breaking through the gray clouds which have darkened the years, giving promise of the glorious day of knowledge which dawns in these closing years of this nineteenth century!" shouted the young man.

"By Jove," muttered the old man. "How times flies. It's almost 35 years since I said that."

Rivalry in Lonesomehurst.

Mrs. Lonesome—Why, John! I am glad to see you so smiling and looking so happy on your return home from business this evening. What is the cause of it.

Mr. Lonesome—Well, my dear, can't you see? Why I had more bundles to carry home than any of the other fellows on the train.—Judge.

In the Gallery.

"Would you mind sitting down there? You're not transparent."

"Now, that's queer. My wife tells me she's been able to see through me these five years."—Judge.

A MICROPHONE.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY AND HIS THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

How Sound is Magnified—A Simple Machine That Explains the Matter Perfectly.

It has been said by some of our wisest students of human nature, in regard to the human affections, that a man's first love is permanent. He may go through many vicissitudes, trials and tribulations; his first love may die or desert him; in brief he may experience the ups and downs and complications which very few of us escape; yet when the hour of death comes his heart will cry out once more for that sweet soul who shaped his early hopes and ambition.

Whether or not this is true, each one of us may determine for himself, if not now, surely at some future day.

Our boy shows no sign of dying, but he is so far a living exponent of the fact that one's affection turns continually to the first love.

His first love was electricity and through the continuous web of industrial truths that his father has been weaving into his mental life has always run electricity and its applications.

It is a matter of much regret that we can not offer to our readers a complete account of the building of this character foundation; but to do so would mean practically the giving of the details of the child's every hour of life.

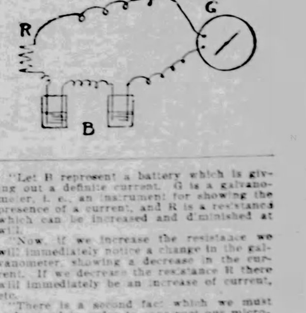
Many of the talks occur during the rambles that father and son take at every opportunity, and a stenographic report would be needed to take them word for word, so we can give only a fragment.

In one of these talks recently the man explained how a simple microphone could be made.

"The name microphone indicates an instrument which magnifies sound," he began.

"What do you mean by magnifying a sound?"

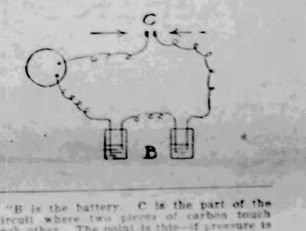
"Why, enlarging. Increasing its volume. The important principle upon which the microphone is designed is the fact that if the resistance in an electric circuit varies, the current also varies. Let me illustrate:



"Let B represent a battery which is giving out a definite current, as a galvanometer, A, is constructed for showing the presence of a current, and R is a resistance which can be increased and diminished at will.

"Now, if we increase the resistance we will immediately notice a change in the galvanometer, showing a decrease in the current. If we decrease the resistance it will immediately be an increase of current, etc.

"There is a second fact which we must understand in order to construct our microphone intelligently. Here is an electric circuit:



"B is the battery. C is the part of the circuit where two pieces of carbon touch each other. The point is that if pressure is brought to bear on these points tending to press them together, the resistance of the circuit will change, being lower when the points of contact are pressed closely together, and higher when the contact is slight.

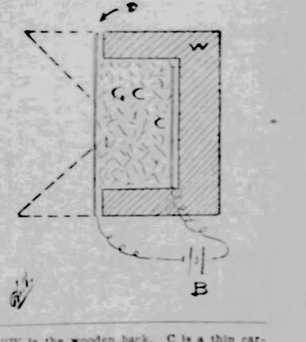
"Now I will explain the microphone and you will readily see where this point is made use of.

"B is the battery as usual. T is an ordinary telephone receiver. C and C are blocks of carbon fastened to a thin sounding board SB, and D is a stick of carbon resting loosely in cavities made in the blocks C C. The idea is simply this: The circuit is completed through the three pieces of carbon, D, C, C, any slight noise causes the sounding board to vibrate. This vibration causes a constant change of pressure between the pieces C and D, thereby changing the current in the circuit and on the principle of the telephone I explained to you some months ago, the vibration is repeated at the receiver. This sound in the receiver is louder than the original so that it is audible to the ear may be heard there.

"If the microphone is well made and sensitive the footfall of a fly or other small insect may be heard distinctly, while the ticking of a watch sounds like a clock. You can easily make one of these, using pieces of old battery carbon for C and electric light carbon for the stick D."

"How large shall I make the sounding board?"

"About five inches square and an eighth of an inch thick. In modern telephone work microphones called carbon transmitters are used very extensively, and especially for long distances. Granulated carbon is much used because it is cheap and also very efficient where the principle of variable resistance is used. Here is a well known style of carbon transmitter:



"W is the wooden back. C is a thin carbon plate at the back of a space GC, filled with granulated carbon, and P is a thin platinum plate. The mouthpiece is indicated by dotted lines. The two connections are made at the two plates through the granulated carbon. When the plate P vibrates it presses on this carbon, changing the resistance continually, and the resulting change of current repeats the vibration in the receiver at the other end."

"What is a telephone exchange, papa?"

"Why, a central office. All the telephones run to this office, so that there are hundreds of wire ends run into one big operating room. If I want to

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask for the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

McKinley's Record On Silver.

J. A. H., Davis, W. Va., asks: "Did William McKinley support all of the free silver bills at 16 to 1 that came before Congress while he was a member of the House? The free silver Democrats of this section say he did."

McKinley voted in the Forty-fifth Congress, November 5, 1877, in favor of the Bland bill, for the coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

This bill went to the Senate, where it was amended into the form in which it subsequently became a law. When the bill came back to the House, McKinley voted in favor of agreeing to the Senate amendments.

President Hayes vetoed this bill on February 28, 1878, and the bill was passed over his veto, McKinley voting "yea" on the question "Shall the bill pass, notwithstanding the President's veto?"

In the Forty-ninth Congress, a bill was introduced to amend the Bland bill by suspending the purchase of silver until an international agreement should be made. McKinley voted against this bill.

That is the record. Now let us examine the matter, and see what these votes mean.

In 1878, at the time the Bland bill, to admit silver to free coinage at 16 to 1, was passed by the House, the bullion value of the silver dollar was 94 or 95 cents. One of the strongest arguments raised in the House in favor of the bill was that the more extended demand thus made for silver would cause a rise in the price, so that the bullion in the silver dollar would be worth as much as a gold dollar. Men were in favor of that bill at that time who are utterly opposed to free coinage now, when the silver dollar is worth, as bullion, only about 54 cents.

It seemed reasonable then to suppose that, with free coinage, the price of silver would appreciate enough to close the gap of 5 or 6 cents between the values of the gold and the silver dollars. It is absurd, at the present time, to suppose that it would close the gap of 46 cents between them. The conditions have changed entirely, and a man who believed so in 1877 certainly can not believe so now.

Now, as to the second vote. The Senate amended the Bland bill, by requiring the purchase of not less than $2,560,000 worth of silver per month and its coinage into silver standard dollars. The reason for this action was that the majority of the Senate did not believe free coinage would increase the value of silver. They reasoned that production would increase, and silver fall, instead of rise, and that we would consequently drop to the silver standard. At the same time it was felt certain that we could carry a reasonable amount of legal tender silver in our currency, as France was doing. So the above amendment was made.

When the bill went back to the House, the adoption of the Senate amendment was urged on this ground, that the purchase of $2,560,000 worth of bullion per month would cause the price of silver to rise, and that as soon as it touched $1.29 per ounce, at which figure the silver dollar, the only objection to granting free coinage would be removed, and it would be easy to pass a bill to that effect.

But the predictions of the silver men were not fulfilled. The production of silver increased, and the price slowly went down year by year. It became clearly evident that free coinage at 16 to 1 would mean simply to abandon the gold standard and drop to the silver standard.

The third vote of McKinley simply means that he did not think the amount of legal tender silver in circulation at that time large enough to endanger the currency, or that there was any real fear of a drop to the silver standard, as the proportion of silver in our currency was not as great as France carried without difficulty.

The editor of The Blade has known Major McKinley personally for years. The above interpretation of his votes is authoritative. He is opposed to free silver coinage at 16 to 1, because he knows it would bring us to the silver standard, and drive all the gold out of the country. The St. Louis money plank was drafted, in its general lines, by himself. The changes made by the committee were only verbal ones, and he was consulted concerning them by long-distance telephone, and was perfectly satisfied with the plank before it was submitted to the convention. This the writer knows personally.

The Demand Notes.

P. H., Steamburg, N. Y., asks: "Did the first issue of greenbacks, which had the much-quoted exception clause, depreciate? When were they retired from circulation? What time were specie payments suspended?"

There never was an issue of greenbacks without the exception clause. The wording on the greenbacks has never been changed in this respect. We have answered this question dozens of times, and it does seem that the old, old lie should be killed by this time.

The first greenback act bore date of February 25, 1862. It provided for an issue of $150,000,000 of notes, which "shall also be lawful money, and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt."

The second greenback act was passed July 11 of the same year. Its legal tender provision was the same as that of the first.

The third act was passed January 17, 1863, and provided for the issue of notes "which shall be lawful money and a legal tender, like similar notes heretofore authorized, in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt."

The first greenbacks were first issued, as above stated, in 1862. In 1861, Congress passed a bill under which $60,000,000 of demand notes were issued. These were in denominations of $5 and over. They were NOT legal tender; they were receivable for all public dues, and they were redeemable at the Treasury on demand. From which fact they were called "demand notes."

The greenbacks were legal tender; were no redeemable on demand. You can see, therefore, that the demand notes were not greenbacks.

The law then provided that duties on imports should be paid in gold. But as the law for these demand notes made them also receivable for duties, and as they were at a premium, the demand notes went to a premium also, and went out of circulation. They were all retired by being received for customs, as the law did not allow their reissue.

Specie payments were suspended December 28, 1861, and gold went to a premium.

The Panic of 1873.

J. A. M., Sulphur City, Ark., writes: "In the Weekly Blade of June 18, you say, in answer to W. H. H., of Cape May, N. J., in regard to the cause of the panic of 1873: 'The real cause was the inflation of prices, of business and speculation resulting from the use of cheap paper money during the civil war and afterwards.' Probably that was the real cause, but it was not precipitated at that particular time by the distrust of foreign nations in regard to the stability of American enterprises and the ability of the American people to pay their debts? If I remember rightly prior to 1873 the farmers of the whole country and especially the Middle and Western states, were organized, had a grange in almost every neighborhood. Their war cry was 'down with monopolies,' and especially were they bitter against the railroads. In 1873 a large banking house, thought to be one of the strongest in the United States, having invested a great amount of capital in railroad securities, found itself in need of money, and if we are correctly informed they isent an agent to England to sell securities or negotiate a loan, expecting to realize on the securities the amount of money needed. But the Englishmen gave him to understand that they did not wish to invest in American securities. They said, the farmers of the United States are organized to fight the railroads and it will only be a few years until your bonds will be worth less.' Thus they failed to realize on their securities and the great banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. failed; hundreds of other banks, great and small, went down with it, and the panic of 1873 was upon us. I think this is a great extent brought about by the distrust caused by the grange craze and the greenback howl that swept over the country at that time, just as the panic of 1893 was caused by the distrust of the Democratic party when it came into power with its free trade fallacies and clamor for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

"If the Republicans will benefit by the experience of the past and when election day comes every one of them be found in his place, voting for McKinley, protection to American industries, reciprocity and sound money, free trade and the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 will be buried out of sight, and panics will be something of the past."

Mrs. William McKinley.

"D. R.," Brevard, N. C., asks: "Is Hon. Wm. McKinley's wife a Catholic?"

No. Mrs. Wm. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, daughter of James A. Saxton, of Canton, Ohio. The Saxton family were Presbyterians. Miss Ida was a member of the Presbyterian church of that town, and for several years a teacher in its Sunday-school. They were married in the Presbyterian church, a building for whose erection Miss Saxton's grandmother met the greater portion of the cost. The ceremony took place on January 25, 1871. Dr. Buckingham, pastor of that church, officiated, assisted by Dr. Endsley, pastor of the Methodist church, of which Major McKinley was a member.

After her marriage, Mrs. McKinley went with her husband, and joined the Methodist church. Major McKinley has been for years one of the trustees of that church, and his father and mother were both members of it.

We do not understand fully what you mean in your letter by saying that a young man "claims to hail fresh from St. Louis, and says that Major McKinley was called out on the subject." Major McKinley was not at St. Louis. He was at his home in Canton during the convention. The writer was at St. Louis, and knows whereof he speaks. Furthermore, Major McKinley makes no secret of his religious views.

Gold and Silver.

A. J. A., Emporia, Kan., asks: "Which was coined first, gold or silver, and by what nation? And when was the ratio established between them? How long before either metal was coined, were they used as a medium of exchange?"

Gold and silver have been used as mediums of exchange from the earliest times. The beginning of their use is lost in the mists of antiquity. Nor does any one know certainly who first coined them. Herodotus says the Lydians were the first to coin them. Probably both were first coined at about the same period. There, of course, has always existed a ratio between them. The relation of the price per ounce of one to the price per ounce of the other, is the ratio. No one knows of certainly what ration first attempted to establish a legal ratio.

Will Pigeons.

A. F. H., Nasbie, W. Va., asks: "In 1872 and for years previous there were thousands of wild pigeons in this county, but since that time I have hardly seen a pigeon. Can you tell me what has become of them, or why they do not appear as they used to do?"

The only explanation is that they have been killed off. The wild pigeons select a piece of woodland where they build their nests and raise their young. These are called "pigeon-roosts." They are slaughtered by thousand at these roosts, and their numbers are diminishing rapidly year by year, owing to this butchery.

Lincoln's Position.

L. M., Michigan: There never was any question about the coinage during Lincoln's time. The matter never came up in politics at all, and his free-silver men who say they are "following in the footsteps of Lincoln," are simply advertising their own ignorance and folly.

Phrases.

E. G. S., Livermore, Cal.: A "skyscraper" is one of the modern steel and terra-cotta office structures, from twelve to twenty stories in height, which have lately been erected in our large cities.

The law in England used to be—perhaps still is—that when a mob gathered, the mayor of the town should read them the law against riotous proceedings, called the "riot act," and then order them to disperse. If they did not, then force could be used. This explains the phrase "reading the riot act."

The other word you send is simply a manufactured word, having no recognition by any authority, and no etymology.

National Banks.

C. F., Baxter, Ia., writes: "Explain the establishing of a national bank. Why do the Democrats, as a rule, so strongly oppose these banks?"

It would take more space than we can spare just now. Send 5 cents to "Sound Currency Committee, Reform Club, 52 William street, New York, N. Y.," and ask them to send you their pamphlet, "United States Coinage and Currency Laws." You will find all the laws concerning national banks on pages 26 to 44.

The Democratic opposition to national banks originated in the fact that the national bank system is a Republican measure. There is no honest and fair objection to the system.

"Hard Times."

A. M. C., Monroe, Ky.: The first period of hard times after the war of 1812 was that of 1857, caused by a redundancy of wildcat bank money. The banks all failed, there was no money in the country, and business was prostrated. The next was the panic of 1867, the result of the workings of the low tariff of 1847. The next was the panic of 1873, for which see the answer headed "The Panic of 1873," elsewhere in this department. Then came the panic of 1893, the result of the Democratic victory of 1892.

The Real Ratio.

"To settle a dispute, state what is the standard between gold and silver now."—W. R. G., Pipestone City, Minn.

Do you mean the actual, business ratio between gold and silver? It is about 30 to 1, but of course it varies almost daily, with the variation in the price of silver.

Miscellaneous.

A. M., Islay, Wyo.: We are sorry to say we do not know.

R. S., Webster, Kas.: It is difficult to advise. The surest plan would be to go to Chicago or New York, and endeavor to find employment.

S. F., Phebe, Tenn.: Consult a lawyer. You can not expect us to keep posted on the laws of 45 different states in the Union. See Rules above.

C. R. E., Caperton, W. Va.: You ought to know that no school can insure you a position. Managers of telegraph offices fight shy of school-trained telegraphers. They prefer those who have learned in a regular office.

C. A. P., Miles Grove, Pa.: Apply by drawings only. If the commissioner of patents desires a model, he will notify you.

A. A., Halstead, Kas.: Your plan stands no chance of adoption. It is not nearly so good as the Windom plan, described in the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of June 25. Read that answer.

C. M. Hover, Cozad, Neb.: We said the constitution prohibits any state from making anything but gold or silver a legal tender. However, bank notes of state banks can not be made a legal tender by state laws. But the constitution does not prohibit Congress from making something else legal tender besides coin. Therefore Congress has made treasury notes a legal tender. So a bank can redeem its notes in treasury notes, of course. Bank notes are not a legal tender; but Congress has the power to make them so if it wishes. Now do you understand it?

For Soft Gums.

If your gums want strengthening, probably through general debility and want of a tonic, ask your druggist to make up the following powder, which is very effective: 1oz. of prepared chalk; ½ oz. of myrrh; 1 teasponful of camphor; 1oz. of powdered borax.

Should the gums be spongy, soft or liable to bleed, I think you will find this wash very alleviating:

One teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, 1 teaspoonful of tincture of bark, 2 ozs. of rosewater. Mix together, and clean the teeth three times a day with a toothbrush, if your gums are too tender, use a piece of soft flannel.

Family Pride.

Dean Hole tells an amusing story of Yorkshire hospitality. There had been a funeral, and two women were discussing the event.

"Well, Sally, I hear you wor at t' funeral. What kind of a funeral wor it?"

"Why, it wor a worry mean affair. There were nobbut a few biscuits and slim."

"Ah, them's the sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but, thank heaven, I buried 'em all wi' 'am."—Weekly Telegraph.

The Real Difficulty.

Friend—What is the most difficult part of your business?

Proprietor of Patent Medicine—Well, writing advertisements that will make folks believe they are sick is about the hardest work I do.—Puck.

A Test Case.

"Your fiance told me to-day she thought an engagement was just as binding as the marriage ceremony."

"Then, I guess I'll go around and borrow some money from her,"—Puck.

A DOZEN CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

Why is a gatepost like a potato? Because they are both put into the ground to propagate.

Why are coals in London like towns given up to plunder? Because they are sacked and burned.

What is that which is often brought to the table, always cut and never eaten? A pack of cards.

What moral lesson does a weathercock on a church steeple continually inculcate? 'Tis vane to a spire.

Why shouldn't a boy throw dust in his teacher's eyes? Because it may occasion harm to the pupil.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Mile stones, for you never see two of them together.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children? Parents.

Why is a restless man in bed like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side, then turns around and lies on the other.

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in pieces.

Who is a clergyman's horse like a King? Because he is guided by a minister.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.—Fact and Fancy.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and **Nervous Dyspepsia.** The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, good digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

COLD AIR IN AUGUST.

A NEW SCHEME TO DO AWAY WITH DOG DAYS.

Air Bombs That Cause a Great Rush of Coolness—The Apparatus Described.

To keep warm in winter and cool in summer were the two problems that perplexed the Pilgrim Fathers when they came to this changeable country. The former question has been solved by steam and coal. But the latter is still a question. The revolving fans have done a little. But where is the fan big enough to cool a city? And where could it be placed? The ancient inventor of the lever who was willing to move the world, if he had a pedestal to stand upon, was in no greater quandary than the electric fan man would be if told to cool a town with his fan.

Every year numerous things are patented for making sweltering mortals comfortable. The patent office at Washington is filled with them. Odd-shaped things they are, and odder in design and intent.

One of the things that makes people ask questions is a rubber suit very large and very loose. A close patent protects it from infringement by ambitious brother inventors. Inside the suit is an interlining. In this interlining there is to be placed cracked ice for keeping the body at an even temperature. Pockets hold the ice evenly, and the only thing that keeps this invention from being a success is the lack of people to sympathize with it and try it. It is there for all who wish to entomb themselves in ice.

But there is a device going through the patent process now that will really start the air moving. The theory of all cooling apparatus is to start the air circulating. In a breeze is coolness. To make a whole town breezy on a hundred-in-the-shade day is equivalent to lowering the temperature 20 degrees, though the actual temperature by thermometer remains the same. A few machines aim to cool the air at the same time while moving it, but most of them only agitate it.

The new device which aims at giving cool weather in dog days requires considerable apparatus. It needs tall structures like windmills, and many of them. These must be connected with the ground by wires; and with each other, also, by wires to insure greatest success. The joining wire on top of the tower is not absolutely necessary.

The aim of this machine is to send large bombs up these wires from the ground to the top of the windmill structure. When they reach the top, or get well off from the ground, they explode. That brings coolness.

The windmill structures are erected in this shape for beauty. The picturesque element of the cross arms, the little structure and their grace are the reasons this form is selected. Its economy is another. A framework of wood is cheaper than a tower of wood. And of course cheaper than stone. To make these windmills still prettier, there are vines planted around them, and the windmill and its arms can be covered with verdure in summer when they are in operation. In winter they can be taken down and stored away until next season.

The important element of the windmill cooling apparatus is the bomb. This is an immense affair filled with carbonic acid gas in a liquefied state. The gas is put under powerful pressure until it liquefies. It is then pressed into the bomb shape.

The machinery of the cooling apparatus consists of electric wires, besides the carbonic acid bombs. These wires are run along quickly to the top of the tower. Once there they come under powerful electric shock and are exploded.

Carbonic acid gas is much heavier than the surrounding atmosphere. Primarily it is the substance that is breathed off from the lungs, and it settles low in cellars, underground, and near the surface of the earth. It is not a good substance to work with in this state. But the fact that it is heavier than common air and settles low is the principle upon which the explosive works.

As soon as relieved of the pressure, after the explosion of the bomb, the liquefied acid evaporates and becomes gas again. In this evaporation the atmosphere around is severely chilled and the carbonic acid gas rushing downward, produces a swift current of cool air. The air upon the ground must rise as the cool air rushes down. This makes a "wind" equal to the strongest northwester.

That, in simple language, is what happens. In its operation it requires powerful machinery for pressure and delicate electric apparatus.

The scheme of carrying it out is proposed for whole cities. A string of towers, or windmills with wires attached to them, would have to be built around the town and the bombs operated from them on a hot day. Its expense is considerable and so it is likely that none but model towns will try it right away. For a place like Tuxedo Park, or the summer resort spots, or any of the places where sweltering mortals go for a good time and great comfort, there it would be ideal. The entire system of machinery could be made ornamental and covered with vines.

There are other equally interesting schemes for keeping cool. One of these is the odd but sensible one of fitting revolving fans to the windows. The glass is taken out and the fan is put in. It is the entire size of the window pane and flies around, making a breeze. This could be done at small expense, but it shuts off the window from all use unless the fan is stopped and removed.

An ideal way of operating the fan is to place it behind a lattice work. One end of the room could be covered with a lattice, behind which the fan would revolve. This makes a swift moving of air, and as the hot air rises when agitated, cold air must come down. It would make a very pleasant exchange of currents, if there were an open window upon which to draw for fresh air. All cool-air schemes require this.

The cloud explosive has been revived this summer, and it is likely something will be done with it. The most successful method of operation is to shoot dynamite shells into the clouds to produce rain. Rain moistens the earth, lays the dust and comparatively cools the air. It at least renders the heat more endurable.

The most powerful machinery is required to shoot the dynamite into the clouds. The largest cannon have fallen short. But with a well-directed shell towards a lowering cloud, it is claimed that rain will ensue immediately. In ripping open a rain-cloud and forcing it to discharge its contents, theories differ. Some hold that there is an actual substance to be penetrated, like the cover of a bag, only much more flimy. Others hold that the violent agitation of the cloud by the shell forces it to scatter, and particles of it fall as vapor.

Anyway, bombs are to be shot from the towers by way of experiment, from the apparatus before spoken of for cooling the towns.

The same genius who invented the carbonic acid gas bomb as a cooler has an idea that he can produce rain in dog days, and he is going to try it. He will send up the dynamite shells upon the wires. At the top they will be received by an operator who will have a light but powerful cannon mounted. The dynamite will be sent into the clouds from this height, and if anything can be done by way of piercing them, this will be the surest way of proving it.

Making rain fall and producing wind with one set of apparatus makes into a science something that seemed only laughable at first. Such mechanisms are either too expensive for use generally, or inaccessible in some little way. They are unsightly, they require too much attention for the little results they produce, or they are laughed down too heartily for impartial judging of their effects.

The main trouble here would be the erection of a platform at that height, strong enough to hold a cannon and its operator and the bomb. But this objection can be overcome in one or two ways. Either a steel framework could be erected that would be strong enough for anything, or the cannon could be loaded with the bomb mechanically. The explosion could be managed by electricity. There are ways of overcoming this difficulty, once you get as far as this.

These little cooling schemes are steadily growing in favor. A few years hence, when the nineteen hundreds come in, it may not be impossible that an electric cooler will be as much a part of a city's plans as its waterworks and its lighting.

FROM THE BOMB TOWER THERE IS A CHILLY EXPLOSION.

DEEPEST WATER

Is to Be Found in the South Pacific Ocean, Near the Friendly Islands.

For twenty years and more the deepest spot in the ocean has been supposed to be to the north east of Japan. There the bottom lies 4,655 fathoms down, or more than five miles beneath the surface of the waves.

In the latest Hydrographer's Report of Admiralty Surveys, made by the British government, this ocean record, which has stood so long, is beaten, for there is official information of a deeper sounding than has hitherto been made. The deepest spot in the ocean, so far as known at present, has been found to be in the neighborhood of the Friendly and Kermandec Islands, in the South Pacific. Here the maximum depth is 5,155 fathoms, or close upon six miles. This observation, made by the officers on board the British ship Penguin, is all the more interesting for the fact that it bears out the result of previous researches, showing curiously enough as it does that the deepest parts of the sea are not far from land.

Deep sea sounding has come to be of late years an exact science in itself. One curious feature of it, and one which is little known, is that the "leads" used have to be constructed with especial strength in order to withstand the enormous pressure of the mass of water which bears down upon them when they lie upon the bottom. So great is this pressure that the sounding apparatus in ordinary use would be crushed.

THE BEST FIELD DRESS.

It Can Be Worn on Cars or Boat, and Stylishly Gathered Up.

A delightful outing dress in black and plaid appeared upon the practice field of an outing club. It so combined comfort and utility that it might be taken as an outing model.

The gown itself, looking at it in one way, was black cashmere. The skirt, reaching to the ground, was plain cashmere, bell-shaped in the back. The waist had a black yoke, with a full-sleeve puffing and body of plaid. The plaid was a brilliant red and green stripe upon white, one of the new half-Scotch designs that come in cashmere and other smooth cloths.

The beauty of the skirt came in its lining. This was so planned that while at play the skirt could be turned up and caught with straps and gold buttons. When gathered in place it had a very stylish curved effect, and was prettier than when hanging straight. The turned-up portion afforded a good pocket for the field balls. Underneath was worn a petticoat of pale green silk with red and green ruffles.

The special object of this skirt was to afford a gown that could be worn by train or boat to the outing grounds without attracting attention, and yet be ready for play. A cap of black serge, with quill and band of white, was worn with it.

COMBINED COMFORT AND USE.

Her Summer Scheme.

"Isn't it rather annoying for you to have them both call on you at once?" asked her dearest friend.

"No, perfectly delightful," said the young woman with two devoted slaves. "You see, dear, I seat one on each side of me."

"Well?"

"And there is such a delightful coolness between them."

"Oh!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Heapt Well.

"What do pou think of my work with the camera?" asked the young man, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

"It's splendid in its way," replied the girl who means well. "It's better than any of the professional caricaturists can do."—Washington Star.

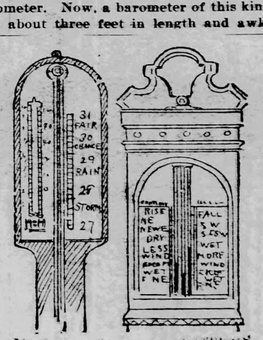
All men should read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

BAROMETERS' WORK

DECEPTIVE AS TO MARKINGS, BUT TRUSTWORTHY.

They Indicate Changes in the Weather by Recording Changes in the Weight of the Air.

One day last summer, when every one was hot and uncomfortable enough without undertaking any unusual exertion, a man was noticed going down Fulton street, says the New York Sun, lugging along a long package, which evidently required to be handled with care. When he got in front of a well known instrument maker's shop he turned in and went up stairs. In the office of the instrument maker he began to undo the wrappings, and when they were removed it was seen that the package had contained a mercurial barometer. Now, a barometer of this kind is about three feet in length and awkward to carry, and the man was evidently angry besides being hot. He laid the barometer down face upward upon a showcase, and pointed a finger at the lettered and divided dial, exclaiming:



MERCURIAL BAROMETERS.

"What did you want to sell that thing to me for? Didn't you know that it wasn't any good? Look at it!"

"Here it says 'Fair,'" cried the irate customer, pointing to the lettering at the upper end of the dial, and speaking in tones of scorn, "and here 'Change,' and there 'Rain,' and 'Storm.' Why, sir, the whole thing is a lie, a fraud, and utterly worthless. You ought to be ashamed to have sold me such a thing. Why! I have kept the thing where nothing could disturb it, and watched it carefully, and it deceived me every time. When the mercury pointed to 'Fair' it was just as likely to be raining, and to be fine and pleasant when it went to 'Rain.'

"'Change,' said he with a look of scorn as he put his finger upon that word 'is all right. If your darned old machine would point to 'Change' all the time it would be just as good as it is now. 'Change' is what I want, and I want it right away. I want you to change this no-good barometer back for my money."

If the irate customer had expected to startle or exasperate the instrument maker he was to be mistaken.

"My dear sir," said the instrument maker, "if we could make barometers which would point out on their dial what the weather was going to be, as you expected this one would do, I should be able to get ten times as much money for them as I do for these, and I would make fame and fortune both out of them."

"Then what in thunder does this have the words on there for, and what do they mean?"

"They don't mean anything," said the instrument maker, "and I guess nobody that is now alive could tell you why they were first put on the dial. They are put there now for no other or better reason than that they have been used so long that people wouldn't think the barometer looked right without them. Your barometer is all right, but you need to know a few simple things about what it was made to do, how it does this, and what its changes mean. After that you will be able to tell the weather by it."

By this time the customer was beginning to get cool, and the instrument maker presently proceeded to tell him the things he didn't know about the barometer.

There are a great many other persons who have stared at the faces of barometers time and again, and not seeing any apparent connection between the mystic words and the actual state of the weather or what seemed to be coming, have either turned away from the device in bewilderment or else concluded that the barometer was too deep for them, and that it was no use to try to understand it. As the barometer was invented about two hundred years ago, and the custom of putting on the weather marks was perhaps begun about that same time, we folks of to-day can't very well make a personal complaint to those original manufacturers, and the old fellows may have even had some faith in the marks themselves.

But the aneroid barometer is a product of very recent years, and yet it bears not only the same sort of marks, but in many cases even an aggravation of them in these terms: "Stormy, much rain, rain, change, fair, set fair, very dry." The word "stormy" begins on these dials at about the 28-inch mark and "very dry" is beyond the 31-inch mark.

"They would look too plain without something," is the only excuse the instrument maker could give for continuing to put these misleading marks on the dials.

"There is one way of marking them," he continued, "which has some value, and is therefore open to less objection, although for real practical use they need no marks except the graduated scale of inches and their subdivisions. The reading I mean was introduced by Admiral Fitzroy, of the British navy. Here it is."

He produced a barometer marked, beside the measurement scale, with these words:

RISE
for cold, dry, or less wind.

FALL.
for warm, wet, or more wind,

except wet from cold side.

"Where the barometer points, whether it is high or low, is not the important thing. It is the fluctuations of the mercury which are of importance and must be watched."

The barometer does but one simple thing. It records at all times the comparative weight and consequently the height of the air above the place where it stands. Barometers such as some which are in use by the United States weather bureau make an actual record of these variations upon a paper wrapped about a turning cylinder. If you take one of these record papers you will see that the line upon it is one like the horizon line of a cross section of land. Sometimes it undulates in long, low, and smooth waves, and sometimes it becomes abrupt and broken into jagged lines like those of rugged mountains. Could one stand outside of the air envelope of the earth and with sharpened eyes watch it as we can the waters of the sea, we would be able to appreciate what enormous commotions these variations of the barometer record.

In the tropics, right under the midday sun, you would see the air swell up with the heat and the wave thus formed would begin at once to make its way toward the poles. It would be a long, low wave at first and would affect the barometer but little, but as it flowed away it would meet with counter currents, the obstructions of mountains, and other things which would gradually transform that original wave into a sea broken by waves of such magnitude that the mountains of the earth's surface would be dwarfed by them. It has been estimated that a difference of two inches in the height of the mercury, which is not an unusual range (or about one-fifteenth of the whole height) indicates a wave of air whose distance from crest to hollow is about twenty miles. These great waves, meet each other, form vast whirlwinds, exchange their burdens of heat or moisture, and go cavorting about, making for the poor mortals upon the earth what we call weather.

The barometer can measure but one element which thus produces weather, but as this is the primary cause of all winds, and as winds bring the weather, it has very properly been called the "weather glass." Its principle and operation is simple. In the case of the mercurial barometer, it is simply a glass tube about thirty-three inches long closed at one end and filled with with mercury. When all air and moisture have been boiled out of the mercury, the tube is inserted and its open end inserted in a cup of mercury. The mercury in the tube runs down into the cup, leaving a vacuum at the top of the tube, but when it reaches a point where the pressure of the air, which is trying to get up into this vacuum, equals the weight of the column of mercury below the vacuum, a delicate balance is secured, and every change in the pressure of the air is thereafter shown by the rising or falling of the mercury in the tube. Of course, at the same time these changes occur more or less of the mercury remains in the cup at the bottom, and for purposes of record this is either regulated to a fixed point with a screw, which raises or lowers a leather bottom at the cup, or a sliding scale is used in taking the measurements, but for general use this is unimportant.

The aneroid barometer works upon the same principle, but in place of the column of mercury there is used in it either one or a series of flexible hollow metal disks, from which the air is exhausted. The pressure of the air which tries to enter these disks is met with the counter-pressure of a spring or a weighted lever, and the movement which takes place is transmitted to a hand which revolves about a dial. These machines are made in sizes ranging from that of a watch to machines with 10 or 12 inch dials.

The men who study the barometer the closest are ship masters. The weather bureau men keep a record of its doings and watch its movements closely enough but they have the records of many other devices and reports from all parts of the country upon which to base their prognostications of the weather. The sailor man has nothing else except his knowledge of the direction and force of the wind, the look of the sky, and the feeling of the air. "Weather" to the sailor man means wind, however, and he doesn't care much whether he is going to have rain or snow with the wind or not. Still, he can tell about these, too.

On the face of every barometer is a hand or a little sliding gauge which can be set to the point where the barometer stands at the time of any observation. In the summer the observer must watch the variations more closely than in winter, for they are, as a rule, of less amount, and therefore mean more than in the winter. The nearer the tropics the closer, too, must we observe the barometer.

The farmer is another man who is deeply interested in knowing what sort of weather he is going to have. The smoke from his kitchen chimney has been his barometer for many centuries. If it rises straight up, he looks for fine weather, and if it sinks and trails along the ground he says the air is heavy, and he looks for rain. Many farmers in late years have bought barometers and learned the meanings of their change, and reap great profit from their use. The storm glass, which is sold for a trifle in the shops, mounted usually in connection with a thermometer, is a cheap form of the barometer. It consists of a tube of glass of from six to ten inches in length in which a cloudy solution of camphor is held in suspension in alcohol. With each change in the pressure of the air the camphor solution rises or falls in the tube, going up when the barometer falls, and down with a rise in the barometer. It is marked "Fair" at the bottom, "Change" at the center, and "Stormy" at the top, and its markings are just as deceptive as those of the regular barometer; but a careful observer, noting the changes which take place in the position of the camphor, could come pretty near to telling what the weather was going to be.

Such glasses sell for as little as 25 cents. Mercurial barometers sell for from $6 to $100, and aneroid barometers for from $3 to $50. A new device for demonstrating minute changes in the pressure of the atmosphere was shown recently at the exhibition of the Berlin Physical society. It consisted of a flask whose neck communicated with a horizontal glass tube, the central portion of which was slightly bent downward. In this tube was a mobile globule of colored petroleum, and this moved backward or forward with each change in the outward pressure. It showed results which indicated that it was 150 times more sensitive than the mercurial barometer.

SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER.

All the People

Should keep themselves healthy and especial care should be given to this matter at this time. Health depends upon pure, rich blood, for when the blood is impure and impoverished diseases of various kinds are almost certain to result. The one true blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its power to purify and vitalize the blood it has proved itself to be the safeguard of health, and the record of remarkable cures effected by that medicine is a powerful cover over disease. It actually and permanently cures when all other preparations fail to do any good whatever.

FOR THEE.

Nay, love me not; it will be better so;
Much better, dear, that I should turn and go,
For with love's birth may come life's overthrow;
Nay, love me not.

Lo, I have watched thy sweet life break to flower,
Thy spirit spread and quicken hour by hour;
Thy wondering eyes, thy small hands' gracious power,
Lo, I have watched.

Though time should fall and show me no new thing,
I yet have touched life's sacred, inner ring;
I have known thee, the pulse and blood of Spring,
Though time should fall.

For thee the peace of guarded, tranquil days,
The lanes of life, unsoiled by blame or praise,
For me the turmoil of the loud highways;
For thee, the peace.

OUR COINAGE.

The gold eagle weighs 270 grains.
The $5 gold piece weighs 135 grains.
The trade dollar weighs 420 grains.
The $20 gold piece weighs 516 grains.
The ten cent piece weighs 41.6 grains.
The twenty-cent piece weighs 77.16 grains.
The bronze cent piece weighs 48 grains.
The gold dollar coin weighs 25.8 grains.
The cent nickel piece weighs 72 grains.
The half-cent copper weighed 132 grains.
The silver five-cent piece weighs 20.8 grains.
The two-cent bronze piece weighed 83 grains.
The common quarter of silver weighs 104 grains.
The three-cent silver piece weighed 12.375 grains.
The five-cent nickel piece weighs 77.16 grains.
The fineness of our gold coin is 90 per cent.
The old-fashioned copper cent weighed 264 grains.
The quarter eagle, or $2.50 gold piece, weighs 67½ grains.
The three-cent nickel piece, now discontinued, weighed 30 grains.
The standard dollar weighs 412½ grains, the half-dollar 208 grains.

Reward of Merit.

Teacher—And how, James, was hostory made in former days?
James—Don't know.
Teacher—Next!
The Next—Er—er—er—
Teacher—Next!
The Next—Dunno.
Teacher—Master Flipp, do you know?
Master Flipp—Nit. (Is sent to the head.)—Judge.

A Bad Deal.

"I wouldn't have your hand for a good deal," said Decker, after dealing the cards.

"No; you couldn't have a good deal and have my hand," replied his friend.—Yonkers Statesman.

Just So.

She—Whiskey has killed more men than bullets ever did.

He—Guess I'd rather be full of whiskey than full of bullets.—Fun.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lame Horse.

J. P. M., Iowa: You should not be too sure that your horse is lame in all his legs. Lameness in the hind feet is very rare, except for sand crack or thrush. Lameness in the hock shows itself when the horse is made to stand over quickly, which is done with a limp. The shoe is worn more than that of its fellow. In shoulder lameness the horse cannot advance his leg, but rather drags it forward. In doing so he attempts to swing the leg forward instead of outward. At least six cases out of eight a horse lame in front is lame in the feet. In a great majority of cases hind lameness has its seat in the hock. Splints may make a horse lame, but will not do so unless well up toward the joint. In lameness of the foot or feet, a horse trotted gently on hard, even ground will drop his head and nod on the sound side. In lameness of both fore feet the horse has a shambly gait. You are advised to have your horse examined for corns or bruises of the sole of the feet. Corns always in the fore feet. There are so many causes of lameness that the editor can only give you aid in detecting the location of the disease. Feel along the tendons of the legs to learn if they have unnatural heat, or are sore to the touch. If you can possibly locate the seat of the trouble, write again and the editor will tell you what to do. If there is a veterinarian near you it will be to your advantage to call him.

Cough in Horse—Kicks the Stall.

E. S. M. Pennsylvania: Chronic cough may be a symptom of chronic indigestion, worms, asthma, etc. To cure a cough, the irritant must be found. You might try this with benefit: Give 12 oz. raw linseed oil in which there is stirred 2oz. oil of turpentine. Afterward give this: One and one half ozs. gum camphor; 1 oz. digitalis; 2 ozs. linseed meal. Divide into 12 powders and give one night and morning. Mustard paste may be rubbed on his throat. Make it as thick as cream. Look for worms in his droppings. If found write.

Eczema in Cow.

Mrs. J. D., Wisconsin: Your cow seems to be suffering from a disease known as eczema. Give her a dose of 1 lb Epson salts in three parts of water. After this operates, give her twice a day in feed a tablespoonful of the following: Powdered copperas, gentian, sulphur, and sassafras bark, ground, equal parts by weight. The quantity should be sufficient to last about four days. Where there are incrustations on the skin, oil them with unsalted lard, and after it is on for an hour it may be washed off with warm water and soap. Where rawness appears do not apply lard or water. Apply to all raw parts alum, 1 part; rosin, 1 part; wheat flour, 2

Talmage's Sermon.

VASHTI THE QUEEN.

Dr. Talmage On Woman's Opportunities and Her Obstacles.

Washington, D. C., July 6.—In his sermon Sunday, starting from a brilliant Bible scene, Dr. Talmage discoursed upon woman's opportunities, and the wrongs she sometimes suffers. His text was Esther i. 11, 12: "To bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment by his chamberlains; therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him."

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves, the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars, shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work, the greenness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose filled with luxuriant couches, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems like a heavenly vision of amethyst and jacinth and topaz and chrysoprasus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seemed as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia, the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hyacinthus and many-colored ranunculus.

Meats of rarest birds and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and dates, and figs, and oranges, and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulaeus filling the urns and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged alabaster and lily shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccoughs of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace, Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rises up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course Ahasuerus was infuriate; and Vashti, robbed of her position and estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God, and admire the divine portrait of Vashti, the Queen, Vashti, the veiled; Vashti, the sacrifice; Vashti, the silent.

In the first place I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that.

Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with strong faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and when she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashti." What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put all her money into the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who, under such a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi!—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and cupive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty and bread to the hungry and medicine to the sick and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that, she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thine hand." And when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their souls and lightning in their eye, and whirl-winds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wildflowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of her womanly indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures.

When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil."

When I see a woman of comely features and of adroitness, of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society, with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allophatic infinitestimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meaning in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Look! look! Vashti has lost her veil."

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. O, what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust. A little while ago, approved and sought for; now none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice! Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for the home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After a while he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gates are Vashti and her children.

There are homes that are in danger of such a breaking up. O, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy-glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children!

During the war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on the height on a hilltop and looked down upon them. I saw the campfires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those campfires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after a while I saw these campfires begin to lower; and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the campfires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host asleep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and he sees the firesides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. These are the campfires when we warm ourselves at the close of the day, and talk over the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last long sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now, we are an army on the march of life. Then we will be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look at Vashti and the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silent. The philosopher, confident in his newly-discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton gin and steamboat—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence. Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and scientists, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven.

Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and of the darkness of night. Waiting, until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang and hush the storm and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather all his dear children home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

Angels thronged his chariot wheel,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung
The glorious work is done.

Oh, woman, does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships and the privations and the cruelties and the misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Throught he blood of the everlasting covenant, you go through these gates or never go at all. God forbid that you should be banished from the society of angels, and banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred, and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Esther and Vashti. Amen.

HEEDLESS WOMEN.

They Pay a Sad Penalty for Their Neglect.

If women only heeded first symptoms—nervousness, backache, headache, lassitude, loss of appetite and sleep; palpitation, melancholy, "blues," etc., and at once removed the cause with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, there would be much less suffering. But they are careless, or their physician is to blame, and they drift into some distressing female disease. The Vegetable Compound at once removes all irregularities of the monthly period: inflammation, ulceration and displacement of the womb, and all female troubles. All druggists have it. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., if you wish for advice, which she will give you free.

"I should not be alive to-day, if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was suffering greatly from an attack of female weakness, and nothing I had tried could give me relief; when by the advice of a friend I began the Compound. After using it two months I was a different girl, and now at the end of six I am entirely cured."—MRS. ANNIE KIRKLAND, Patchogue, L. I.

MANY MARRIAGES

Are Being Celebrated This Year—June Leads All Months.

Marriage is epidemic this year, and this rose-laden June month is the climax of it. Three-quarters of the women in Christendom think of weddings at the very mention of June. The biggest trade that the shops know in May and June is trade that has to do with weddings. A great percentage of June travel is "bridal trips."

And while the trosseaux are "buildig," and the bells are ringing, and the florists and caterers and jewelers are driving a thriving trade, a thoughtful man has found out for the Sunday Journal all about the "marriageable age," the age of waning hopes and the age of despair. It isn't guesswork. He has made up his figures from the marriage records of the city of New York.

One thousand brides were taken at random, and this graduated picture shows the result. It shows how many little maidens marry as soon as the law will let them, and how many wait for one reason or another until the last call, willing—or perchance compelled—to take chances of not being gathered into the company of matrons at the eleventh hour.

The principal fact revealed by this valuable investigation is that the most successful age for women, in her hustle for a husband, is between eighteen and nineteen, and between twenty and twenty-one. Out of the thousand girls, 210 wedded between eighteen and nineteen, and 230 between twenty and twenty-one.

It is a common theory nowadays that women on an average marry later in life than they used to. Don't believe it, girls.

The figures show that after a woman passes twenty-one her chances of marrying diminish every year by almost exactly one-half. There is in the tables which this investigation has wrought out only one point of exception to that rule. Between thirty and thirty-one eighteen of the one thousand damsels became wives, and between thirty-two and thirty-three there fifteen made happy. After that the old ratio of decrease is resumed. It simply shows that the woman who is worth marrying after she's twenty-nine loses very little in marriageable quality until she has passed on toward forty-four, and then she has ripened and grown wiser along to thirty-eight, she is what racing experts call a "500 to 1 shot," and they do not often win.

The little girls who have just turned fourteen do a good deal of marrying for their years. Thirty-two of them out of this thousand married before they were fifteen, but the maidens of "sweet sixteen" surrendered their maiden names more than three times as fast.

This chart is a valuable piece of property for any young unmarried woman, for this marriage proposition is one of the things that must not be "put off till to-morrow."

Least of all be deceived by the story that "they are marrying late nowadays." It isn't true. They are marrying just as soon as a good man shows himself. This is leap year, and there isn't another one for four years.

No young woman with this glorious leap year opportunity staring her in the face has any right to disregard the cogent warning which these suggestive figures give.—New York Journal.

BRILIANTS.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

O morning, hasten with your goad
Of ceaseless care and tedious task;
Give me no respite from your load—
'T is all I ask.

O strife and tumult of the day,
O toils and trials manifold,
Close in as thickly as you may—
Loose not your hold!

To memory leave no briefest space
From earliest ray of dawning light,
For all too soon comes on apace—
Ah, God!—the night!

—Minnie Leona Upton.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flow'ring springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the hanging apple flower,
Its fragrance through the open doors,
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

—Bryant.

"OMNIA VINCIT."

Love, I said in my wisdom, Love is dead,
For all his fabled triumphs—and instead
We find a calm affectionate respect
Doled forth by Intellect to Intellect.
Yet when Love, taking vengeance, smote me sore,
My Siren called me from no classic shore;
It was no Girton trumpet that laid low
The walls of this Platonic Jericho.

For when my peace of mind at length was stole,
I thought no whit of Intellect or Soul;
Nay! I was fast in pitiful distress,
By brown eyes wide with truth and tenderness.

—Alfred Cochrane.

YET WILL I HOPE.

Where bloomed the heather, flames the gorse in gold,
And rich in red and gold the bramble trails,
The berried hedge, where tokens manifold
Speak "Death, Death, Death" more plain than graveyard rhymes,

Yet will I hope: though all the world doth wear
The livery of autumn, there's a maid
Whose cloak is of scarlet, golden-bright her hair,
And in an hour she cometh, unafraid,

And beautiful as spring returned again
From dismal hades. Autumn decked the throne.
Yet in an hour my Sylvia comes to reign
Where gold and scarlet prove the world her own.

—Pall Mall Budget.

A PAINTER'S BILL.

The Items Are All Right, but They Sound Queer.

A French scene painter who had been employed to touch up the old paintings of an old church in Belgium was refused payment until he had rendered his bill of particulars. Accordingly, after going over his work in a most conscientious manner, he sent the following bill:

	Francs.
Corrected the Ten Commandments	5.12
Replumed and gilded the left foot of the guardian angel	4.18
Renewed heaven, adjusted the stars, cleaned the moon	7.15
Reanimated the flames of purgatory and restored souls	3.01
Revived the flames of hell, put a tail on the devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned	3.02
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him	3.02
Mended the shirt of the prodigal son and cleaned his ears	4.00

Still Useful.

Managing Editor—Send the chief artist out on that suicide story, will you?

Assistant—Not safe, I'm afraid. He's drunk to-day.

Managing Editor—That so? Well, then have him make a poster for us!—Truth.

Hood's Pills

Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travellers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, all recommend them. Price 25 cents.

BETSY ROSS.

The Woman Who Made the First American Flag.

Betsy Ross was born in Philadelphia January 1, 1752, and lived at No. 239 Arch street in a little two-story brick house which is yet standing, and which witnessed the birth of the first American flag. She married John Ross, who died about two years afterward from injuries received while guarding the Pennsylvania colony's storehouses.

At the age of 25 years, and soon after the death of her husband, Betsy Ross was waited upon at her home by General Washington, Hon. George Ross and Robert Morris, members of a committee appointed to design a suitable flag for the infant nation. Gen. Washington produced a roughly-drawn pencil sketch of a proposed flag. This sketch provided for a flag of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with thirteen stars of white on a blue field.

The stars on the design, as drawn by Gen. Washington, were six-pointed. Mrs. Ross suggested that the six-pointed stars were British, and that five-pointed stars, such as were used in heraldry, should be substituted. She showed the General how readily these could be fashioned by folding a square of paper and making a single cut with her scissors. Her suggestion was approved, and the flag adopted by Congress on the 14th of June, 1777.

Mrs. Ross afterward married a man named Ashburn, of whom there is little account, save that he died shortly after. She then married John Claypool, who was a descendant of the brother of Oliver Cromwell, the renowned "Protector" of England.

For many years Betsy and her family held the contract for making flags for the fleet in the Delaware river.

On account, however, of the prejudices of the Society of Friends—to whom Betsy belonged—against warfare, her daughter relinquished the work, so far as flags for war vessels were concerned.

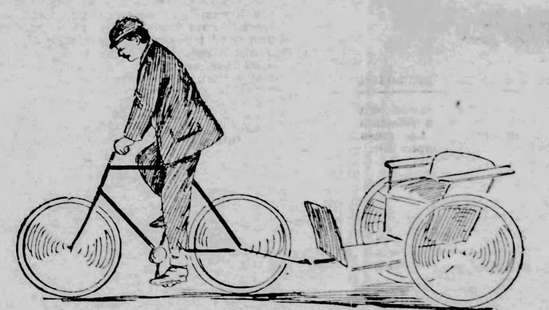
Paul Jones is said to have been the first one to unfurl the stars and stripes. He was appointed to the Ranger on the same day that the resolution regarding the flag was adopted, and the stars and stripes were flying from his ship's masthead before the ink on his commission was fairly dry.

"Betsy" Ross Claypool died in Philadelphia June 30, 1836, aged 84, and now rests in Mount Moriah cemetery, where an unpretending stone marks her grave. Her daughter, Rebecca, married Abraham Conwell, and her son, James Conwell, was somewhat noted in the war of 1812. In one of his own schooners he many times ran the British blockade. On one occasion he was captured, and was about to be sent to Algiers; but he made a daring escape, reaching Philadelphia safely. While imprisoned in the hold of the British ship he made a vow that if he ever reached home he would free his slaves and lead a Christian life, which vow he fulfilled.

He moved to the West, and his first home was on the spot where now stands the Cincinnati court-house. In 1823 he moved to Indiana and laid out the town of Laurel. He was an ardent Whig, and served several times in the Indiana legislature.

BETSY ROSS, WHO MADE OUR FIRST FLAG.

WILL SOON BE IN GENERAL USE.



Another clever invention of the "carry-all hitch-on," which is to be drawn as a "trailer" behind an ordinary bicycle, attached by a "Y"-shaped steel to the rear axle. The suburbanite may hitch the trailer to his bicycle when he starts off in the morning, leave it and his order at the grocery and find everything packed and ready to be trundled off homeward at night. After supper he may exchange the marketing box for a comfortable carriage basket, and take his twins or his revered mother-in-law out for exercise. The trailer is destined to be a feature of wheel life.

MAKE YOUR OWN ICE

INVENTION FOR FOILING THE ICE BARONS.

With the Aid of Chemicals, Turn a Crank and You Have Congealed Water—Cost Only $1.40 a Year.

The days of the ice baron are numbered. It is a mournful fact in some respects, for the baron, with his mammoth hills and microscopical squares of ice, served some useful purposes. He was the sole support, for one thing, of a certain class of joke writers, who depended upon his summer advent for the payment of their board bills.

Humor at the expense of the ice baron is always timely in the summer months, and any veteran joke served up freshly garnished could be relied upon to tickle the palates of the readers of comic weeklies. But all this will soon give way before the onward march of progress, for an invention is soon to be put upon the market that will enable any housekeeper, by the expenditure of a dollar that is a mere bagatelle when compared to the ice baron's bill, to keep herself supplied with ice the year around.

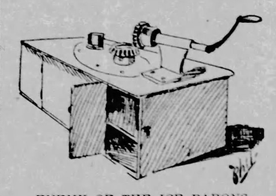
Mr. James P. O'Brien is the inventor, and his creation protected by letters patent and now in process of manufacture, consists of a box about the size and shape of an ordinary ice box. Down the center of the box runs a cylinder for the water that is to be turned to ice, and around the cylinder are cells in which are placed the chemicals whose action freezes the water. On the top of the box is a crank like the handle of a street piano. This handle is connected with a shaft on which are fastened fan blades. Do you want ice for the day? Just fill up the cylinder with water, says the inventor of the new style ice box, turn the crank for fifteen minutes, giving yourself just enough exercise to make the blood circulate and to sharpen the appetite for breakfast. The fan acts on the chemicals, the chemicals act on the water. At the end of the fifteen minutes take out your cylinder, and, presto! there you have a round block of glistening ice.

The nature of the chemicals is the secret of the inventor. This secret he will not divulge, except so far as to say that the chemicals have heretofore served no useful purpose because no use could be found for them, although they were known to chemists. It will be an easy matter, in all probability, for a chemist to analyze the contents of the ice box and discover what these chemicals are, but it will be a misdemeanor to use them except in connection with the company's freezers, as they will be fully protected.

The cost of ice produced by this process, it is claimed, will be $1.40 a year. This is the amount the company to be formed for the sale of the boxes will charge for chemicals sufficient to last a year. There is to be no other expense. The freezer will contain compartments for the storage of household supplies that are usually kept in the ice box. In addition to being in close contiguity to the ice, the provisions will be kept cool by the currents of air that freeze the water.

Surely the ice baron has cause to tremble in his shoes at last, and the long suffering householder to rejoice with a whoop of joy. Such a thing as ice made with neatness and dispatch in your own house sounds chimerical, but the invention described has so impressed the members of the New York Building department that, according to the inventor, they have decided to recommend builders, in erecting houses, to include one of the freezers in the fixtures of the building, just as they now include stoves and furnaces.

The freezers are to be made to sell at the household size, for $15 each, and will last for ten years, by renewing the chemicals once a year. The chemicals will be supplied by the freezer company only. The company will keep the freezers in order and the chemicals in good condition.—New York Herald.



ENEMY OF THE ICE BARONS.

Model of the Machine which it is claimed will supply a family with ice for $1.40 a year.

The Primrose League.

The Prime Minister himself is in favor of women's suffrage, though he admits that it is doubtful whether a majority of his own party would agree with him. But, at all events, we may have the advantage of their social power, and this it has been the business of the Primrose League to organize. The influence of women in politics is no new thing, either in this or any other European country. But formerly it was confined to a small circle, and to the wives and daughters of leading members of society. Even then it was a potent agent behind the scenes. But it has been reserved for the Primrose League to extend it through all ranks, and to impress upon the women of England the duty of supporting those on whose predominance in the state so many non-political matters which deeply concern them are dependent. The Primrose League, in short, has converted guerrillas into regular soldiers, and the effect has been visible on many critical occasions during the last eight or ten years. It is impossible to entertain a doubt that the greater weight now exercised by women in political matters under the direction of the Primrose League, has been largely instrumental in producing that manifestation of feeling on the subject of religious education to which Lord Salisbury refers in his address. It is, we believe, quite true that the disappointment of the Radicals on this subject has been greater than on any other, and that they had fully calculated on finding that the people of England were totally indifferent to religion. They had forgotten the existence of English women: and how often it is due to them that this faith, which is exposed to sore trials in the ups and downs of a troublesome world, is not wholly extinguished. Nobody can pretend to say now, in face of the proofs which women have given of intellectual ability and force of character, that religiousness is a female weakness. There is an end to that argument. The whole volume of opinion which is in favor of "woman's rights" must also be in favor of their political affairs, and must recognize the solid value of the efforts made by the Primrose League.—London Standard.

As Advertised.

New Yorker—But you advertised that you had running water on both floors.

Jayhawker—So we did, stranger, an' 'twas a foot deep in the cellar, but we hain't had no rain naow goin' on a week to-morrow.

The Sunday School.

The Ark Brought to Jerusalem.

Golden Text:—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.—Psa. 84: 12.

1.—Again, David gathered together all the chosen men of Israel, thirty thousand.

2.—And David arose, and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubim.

3.—And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of Abinadab that was in Gibeah and Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab, drove the new cart.

4.—And they brought it out of the house of Abinadab which was at Gibea, accompanying the ark of God: and Ahio went before the ark.

5.—And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets and on cymbals.

6.—And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.

7.—And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God.

8.—And David was displeased, because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzzah: and he called the name of the place Perezuzzah to this day.

9.—And David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me?

10.—So David would not remove the ark of the Lord into the city of David: but David carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite.

11.—And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obededom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obededom, and all his household.

12.—And it was told King David, saying, The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God. So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obededom into the city of David with gladness.

Illustrative Applications.

David again gathered together all the chosen men of Israel (v. 1). In every community there are those who are to be preferred above others. The American Declaration of Independence asserts "that all men are created equal." Even if this be admitted (which many are not ready to concede), it cannot be claimed that all men continue equal. If real service is wanted, the men for it must be chosen men—men chosen for some superiority over their fellows. Unless you and I are above the average in some particulars, we shall not be chosen for special work in any line. We can simply be counted in with others in the census, to make up the aggregate. Individually we shall be lacking in personal worth and power.

David arose, and went with all the people that were with him, to bring up the ark of God (v. 2). God does not in any true sense dwell in an ark or in a house. He is no more ready to make himself known to his children in one place than in another. But we need the help of a place where we can think of God as nearer than elsewhere, and where we can feel his presence more sensibly. It is for our sake rather than for God's sake that sanctuaries of some sort are a necessity. We ought to have a place for private prayer, a place for family prayer, a place for social worship, a place for public worship. The more we value the privileges of worship the more importance we attach to a place sacred with associations of such worship. He to whom all places of worship are alike has little interest in worship itself.

They set the ark of God upon a new cart (v. 3). It is so easy to improve on God's way of having work done! What if the Lord did command that the ark should be borne on the shoulders of the Levites? The Philistines sent it home on a new cart, when they wanted to do it honor. Why shouldn't the Israelites secure a similar ride for it, in their turn? There is a good deal of this Philistine-cart business in doing the Lord's work nowadays. Selling or renting pews in church, so as to get the load of church support off the shoulders of the church members; turning over the visiting of the poor and the sick to a benevolent organization in the church or in the community; getting up a fair to raise money which ought to come right out of our own pockets; leaving the counsel and guidance of our children to outside teachers both week-days and Sundays; and other such things. How it does relieve the shoulders of those who ought to bear the burden, as the Lord commanded! And then how much more stylish it looks!

Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen stumbled. And the anger of the lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error (vs. 6, 7). If every over-zealous and well-disposed watcher of the ark of God, who jumps forward to steady it when the oxen stumble, were smitten of God, there would be a sad thinning out of pulpit orators and of lay-workers in the Christian church. The minister who sets himself to prove that there is a God, when he has already been set to give messages from God, has much the spirit and much the same measure of sense as Uzzah. Whoever starts up with a fear that science or sneers will overthrow the Bible, and who seeks, by force, to crush out honest inquiry, or even unreasoning scoffs in the realm of truth, undertakes, like Uzzah, to help God against the oxen. He who believes unquestionably that the name of Jehovah is in the Bible and is in Christianity, will keep on shouting and dancing before the ark, without stopping to save the ark from peril which God himself may have ever looked or be unable to cope with.

David was afraid of the Lord that day (v. 8). David had a good deal of human nature in him. He was ready to make a display of his zeal for God, but when he found that it was not safe to do differently from God's ordering he was afraid of God, and he hesitated to do anything. It is better to profit by God's lessons of danger to us than to be afraid because of them. It is well to be afraid to disobey God, but it is not well to be afraid of God. And if we love God as we should love him, we shall not be afraid of him. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear—he that feareth is not made perfect in love."

David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him—but David carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom. And the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his house. And it was told King David—And David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom (vs. 10-12). David was a good deal like a good many of us in this thing also. If the ark was to be a source of danger, he would be better to have it stop at a neighbor's house. If it is found to be a source of benefits, the nearer it comes the better. When a phase of God's truth can be accepted only at a personal loss to ourselves, or to our business, we are readier to have a neighbor advocate it, and to take all its risks, than we are to stand for it or to fall with it ourselves. But when a manifest gain is found to be secured through accepting or adopting that phase of truth, how ready we all are to open our homes and our hearts to it, and to be known as its defenders. It is well for us to crave the blessing which came to the home of Obed-edom through the presence of the ark of God in that home. It is better for us to have the spirit of Obed-edom which would welcome the ark of God, when to receive it would seem to risk one's prosperity, or one's very life.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

Too Much Speed.

Colonel Burlington is a wealthy man. He did not have to earn wealth himself, but received it as a legacy. He is very obtuse, though he puts on a great deal of style. Hearing that he wanted a horse a neighbor went to him and said:

"I want to sell you a horse. He's just the kind of an animal you want."

"Is he fast?"

"Fast! Fast is no name for him. How far do you live from your office?"

"About three miles."

"Well, if you start from your office at four o'clock in the evening you can sit down to your dinner at ten minutes past four."

"Then I don't want him."

"No? Why not?"

"Because my dinner is not ready until five, and I would not know what to do with myself in the meantime."—Texas Sifter.

He Was Glad to Hear It.

"There is no use in mincing things any kager," began the landlady, as a preliminary to demanding a settlement.

"From which I may infer, then," said the young man, "that we are to be treated to no more hash at breakfast?" and made his escape before she could recover.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR OLD GOWNS.

A Batiste Over-Bodice is Neat for Dressing Up an Out-of-Date Waist.

There are many women who, either from preference or economic necessity, prefer to smarten an old gown rather than wear a new one for every day wear. No season has offered such "smartening" possibilities. One of the best of all things is a batiste over-bodice for wear over a gown slightly faded upon front breadths or out of date in cut.

The over-bodice is made of coarse linen batiste laid over white silk. Both are cut after the same pattern and are joined and stiffened as if they were one. The little batiste bodice is fastened down the back with hooks and

THE BODICE "SMARTENED" IT.

eyes and is confined under a broad belt of ribbon. Over a colored dress it is very neat. If worn over a black gown, by one not in mourning, the batiste should be a tan or deep yellow and the lining of cream silk. The ribbon in this case matches the lining and if a batiste covered strip is carried down the side of the skirt the effect will be very pretty.

The collar worn with all summer dresses that must have plenty of wear is the crushed silk with chiffon ruffling at the sides and back. The front is left plain. This fashion, which hails straight from Paris, will be liked by women who have short necks and full chins. It is becoming to all for it frames the face in a soft manner. The chiffon ruffle of flesh color is worn by brunettes and white by blondes.

CHOKED WITH HOARDED GOLD.

Glut of Money Lying Idle in the Coffers of English Banks.

While the West of the United States is crying for free silver, England to-day is suffering from a glut of money. The banks are full, choked with idle money for which it is impossible to find any investment that would even pay the cost of the broker's commission. So phenomenally cheap is money in London to-day that it is possible to borrow practically an unlimited amount at the rate of 25 cents a day for every $50,000.

There is now on deposit in the Bank of England alone more than $250,000,000 more money than was lying there nine months ago, and the amount on deposit has been steadily mounting up during that period and is still increasing. There was in the bank last Thursday £14,000,000 of public deposits, that is, government money. The usual amount thus on deposit is from £5,000,000 to £8,000,000. This money is largely made up of funds set aside for the redemption of consols, and of funds deposited in the Postoffice Savings Bank, for which investment is desired. But there is now no desirable investment to be found, and consols have gone so high that the government will not buy them.

Reserve Funds Increase.

Private and joint stock banks have £50,000,000 on deposit in the Bank of England, which is £12,000,000 more than was deposited last October and £17,000,000 more than at this time in 1894. The Bank of England's own reserve fund ten days ago was £11,500,000 more than it amounted to nine months ago, and the stock of gold and bullion on hand was more than £12,000,000 in excess of the amount on hand last October.

This condition of affairs in the Bank of England is a fair sample of the situation throughout the country. Everywhere there is a great glut of idle money, for which no satisfactory use can be found. There is thrown on the market here every year about £12,000,000 in the annual surplus each accumulated in the country saved from its income, and is altogether apart from the income reinvested in home industries. I am told that quite as much as that of last year's accumulation, and much more, remains idle in the hands of its owners. Unsatisfactory financial conditions in various parts of the world where British capital has been invested have stopped further investment in those directions, and have also caused a considerable withdrawal of capital already put out. The trouble in the Transvaal last year brought a great deal of money back to England. Particularly have the many and various troubles in South American countries, the defaulting of some states, and the collapse of some much-boomed undertakings brought capital from that continent and frightened capitalists from further investment.

Distrust American Investment.

But most of all is the British capitalist distrustful of American investment, and this probably is the most important factor of all in causing the present phenomenal glut of money here. Not only is money not seeking investment in the United States, but the withdrawal of capital from here has been exceedingly heavy in the last nine months, and particularly since the first of the year. If the financial policy and a peaceful foreign policy in the United States were peacefully settled, very much, if not practically all, of this vast amount of money lying idle in England would flow in immense volume across the Atlantic.

One of the highest financial authorities in London said to me yesterday:

"If the United States will only settle its currency question and put the currency on a stable and satisfactory basis there will be immediately an immense flow of capital into the country for I assure you that money could be had

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 117.000

OUR JUNE AWARDS.

The following is the list of club-raisers during June who are entitled to the premiums offered for the ten largest clubs of three-months' campaign subscribers raised in the month ending June 30:

1.—New York draft for $25—Geo. T. Stowell, Helena, Mont.; 376 subscribers.
2.—New York draft for $20—C. H. Anderson, Omro, Wis.; 286 subscribers.
3.—New York draft for $15—D. B. Heath, Bethany, Mo.; 280 subscribers.
4.—New York draft for $10—Jennie Harkness Hoopeston, Ill.; 278 subscribers.
5.—Draft for $8—W. E. Stinson, El Dorado, Ill.; 255 subscribers.
6.—Draft for $7—F. M. Kelley, Fisher, Ill.; 208 subscribers.
7.—Draft for $6—O. P. Anderson, Osceola, Ia.; 204 subscribers.
8.—Draft for $4—J. D. Freeman, Wicklow, W. Va.; 203 subscribers.
9.—Draft for $3—W. P. Whittenberg, Fair Play, Mo.; 187 subscribers.
10.—Draft for $2—F. H. Drake, Albion, Wis.; 182 subscribers.

These drafts will be mailed on Monday, July 20. Meanwhile, if any of the persons in the above list, or any other of our club-raisers, find any error therein, please write at once to have it corrected.

See how easy it is to raise a large club for the Blade on our three-months' terms! Let all our June club-raisers as well as those who wish to make a little money easily elsewhere try for the July and August competitions.

NAMES WANTED.

The Blade wants, as speedily as possible, the addresses of the secretaries of all the Republican clubs in the United States, whether local, county or district.

We ask anybody and everybody who knows the address of any secretary of any Republican club, to send it to us at once on a postal card.

The object we have in getting these addresses is that we wish to communicate with those secretaries on an important matter relative to the Presidential campaign.

M'KINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have had so many inquiries for portraits of Hon. Wm. McKinley, that we have made arrangements for a limited number of a very fine picture which Gov. McKinley himself says is "the finest portrait of myself which has ever been made."

It is printed on excellent plate paper, 22 by 28 inches; the face is life size; printed in black on a tinted background; fac-simile of McKinley's signature below; a work of art which is an ornament to any gentleman's library or parlor.

We will mail a copy of this magnificent portrait, in an extra large and heavy pasteboard tube, to any address, on receipt of only 50 cents.

Or, for one dollar, we will send a copy of the Weekly Blade one year and one copy of the picture. To subscribers who send us $1, we will extend their subscriptions for one year from the date of expiration, and mail a copy of the picture. Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

FIFTY YEARS OF FREE TRADE.

The famous Cobden Club, of Great Britain, this year celebrated the half-centennial anniversary of the first free trade law enacted by the British Parliament. The festivities are of a rather mournful character, however, for free trade is not becoming an universal economic doctrine. Quite the contrary, in fact; and, to add to the gloom of the Cobden Club, public sentiment in Great Britain is increasing in favor of a protective tariff against all nations but British colonies, confining free trade to those countries under the British flag—in point of fact, a system like ours, of unrestricted trade between the states, but protection against all other countries.

Richard Cobden, the father of free trade, in a speech delivered during the agitation of the repeal of the corn laws, in 1844, made the following prediction:

> You have no right to doubt that in ten years from the time when England inaugurates the golden era of commercial freedom every civilized country will be free traders to the backbone.

Alas, for the rainbow visions of the noted economic enthusiast! Not only ten years have passed, but five times ten years, since the inauguration of free trade, and his vision is not only unrealized, but there is less hope now than there was 50 years ago that it will ever be realized. The St. James Gazette, of London, prints the above utterance of Cobden's, and in a parallel column gives the cold facts of 1896:

> M. Meline, the great protectionist leader of France, has become prime minister of the republic, and Mr. McKinley, the great protectionist leader of the United States, is first favorite for the Presidency.

The fact is, that theories do not govern trade, and political economy is not the exact science Mr. Cobden thought. It is merely the discussion of the economic policy which most benefits any particular nation; and that policy is not based on fixed principles, but must depend on the conditions existing, and change as they change.

THE PEOPLE ARE TIRED.

The people of this country, irrespective of politics, have tired of the present Democratic administration. The working men are tired of it because of its tariff policy, which has injured industry, harassed trade, reduced wages, and thrown tens of thousands of them out of steady work. The taxpayers are tired of it because it has been adding to the burden of debt through its bond issues. The farmers are tired of it because they feel the burden of the Democratic hard times keenly. And there are shoals of voters tired of it because it has demonstrated that the promises made during the campaign of 1892 were glittering sophistries, which could not stand the test of experiment.

They look back and recall that, under the Harrison administration, the country was prosperous. Work was plenty; wages were high; the national debt was reduced many millions. Then Cleveland came in and forthwith money was tied up; work became scarce; wages dropped, and the national debt was increased many millions. No wonder they desire a change. They realize the error into which they fell in 1892, in listening to the voice of the Democratic siren, and they are eager to vote for McKinley and prosperity.

THE TELLER SUBSTITUTE.

At the St. Louis convention, Senator Teller offered a substitute for the financial plank submitted by the committee on resolutions. The convention refused to accept the substitute by a tremendous majority, and then adopted the present plank by a similar majority. Then Mr. Teller and his friends—twenty-three in all—bolted, and marched out of the convention. Let us examine that substitute, and see why the convention rejected it. Here it is:

> The Republican party favors the use of both gold and silver as equal standard money, and pledges its power to secure the free, unrestricted and independent coinage of gold and silver at United States mints at the ration of 16 parts of silver to one of gold.

Probably the great majority of the Republican party will agree in the first clause of the above—the use of both gold and silver as standard money; but they will disagree with the last clause—that the way to secure this is by free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

Patrick Henry said: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." The experiment of admitting silver and gold to free coinage, at a ratio less than the market ratio, has been tried by other nations. We may expect the same results they have obtained. Let us see what the light of experience shows:

Take Mexico. She admits silver and gold to free coinage at the ratio of 16½ to 1. What is the result? She has no gold in circulation. When it is needed to settle international balances, the merchants buy it, paying two silver dollars for one American dollar. The silver dollar is the coin in which all prizes are set, and the only dollar used in business. It buys just half as much as an American dollar. Mexico has a per capita circulation not over one-third as great as has the United States. Wages are much lower than here, and whatever prosperity her industries have is due to cheap labor.

Japan is another case in point. She has free coinage at 15½ to 1. The yen is the unit. It is coined in both gold and silver. A gold yen is worth $1 in American money. A silver yen is worth about 54 cents of our money, and its value fluctuates with the price of silver bullion. Her per capita is less than one-third that of the United States. Her business is all transacted in silver. Gold is not in circulation, but is bought and sold, when needed, like any other commodity. The rate of wages is astonishingly low. A Japanese workman's wages would not keep an American one.

These are facts which neither Mr. Teller, nor any other silver man, can dispute. They are but two instances of what results from an attempt to do what Mr. Teller insists we ought to do. The people of the United States will not plunge into such a gulf. We challenge any disproof of the following facts:

There is not a free coinage, or silver standard, country in the world to-day in which gold circulates as money along with silver.

There is not a silver country in the world to-day which has more than one-third as much money in circulation per capita as there is in the United States.

There is not a free coinage country in the world to-day in which business is not done on a silver basis.

There is not a gold standard country in the world to-day which does not use a large volume of silver along with the gold.

There is not a silver country in the world to-day in which the workingmen's wages are not far lower than in the United States.

There is not a silver country in the world to-day in which the farmer gets any higher prices relatively for his products than do the farmers of the United States, and as a rule the farmer in silver countries gets a lower price.

Now let the silver men, instead of howling about an imaginary "crime of 1873," and arguing that they want to add the silver to the gold currency basis, turn in and explain why, in no country which has free coinage, have the things followed which they say will follow free coinage.

This campaign will be decided on well-ascertained facts, not on moonshine theories. The people tried that on the tariff question in 1892, and found their error. They are not going to commit the same error in 1896 on the currency question.

ORDER YOUR BICYCLE!

Don't forget that the Blade bicycles are going fast. If you want an $85 bicycle at about half that price, read the advertiffisement on the fifth page of this paper. The wheel is exactly as represented, and the best value for the money that you can get anywhere in the United States.

GERMANS FOR SOUND MONEY.

The Columbus Westbote, the German Democratic organ of Central Ohio, not only repudiates the free silver heresy of its party, but condemns the party leadership in this state. It declares the material out of which the late convention was composed is a disheartening influence on every man familiar with history of the Democratic party. After deploring the absence of old party leaders like McMahon and Hurd, and showing that the convention did not bear the stamp of Democracy, the Westbote says:

> We certainly do not need to point out that a party can have no hopes for a victory in this state which takes its orders from McLean, who has always, done everything in his power to ruin the Democratic party. Gen. Warner, the great silver boomer, who has been out of politics for years but now suddenly bobs up again; Allen W. Thurman, who has many times foiled the Democratic ticket, and who a few years ago by his brilliant strategy won a glorious minus victory of 137,000 for the Democracy; John R. McLean, who always carries his keen edged stiletto ready at the critical moment like an Italian villain, to stab the Democracy between the ribs, and who cares no more for the real interests of the Democratic party than a Berlin cab driver for one of Beethoven's symphonies. These are certainly not the men whose leadership will raise the hope of victory in the hearts of the Democrats of Ohio. We fight for principles and are not willing to follow such party leaders as John Robert McLean and Allen W. Thurman into the shallow waters where the ship may dash upon hidden rocks.
>
> The majority of the Democratic party in Ohio and their staff officers who have made themselves drunk on the high-sounding and beautifully rounded sentences in which, with glowing colors, the temporary chairman described the silver "Aladdin's Lamp" will not escape the horrible after effects of the drunk. And unless all of the indications are misleading, it will be so horrible that many who are now swimming in a sea of joyful hope will have a head on them for months.
>
> The action of the Westbote will be followed by practically the solid German Democratic press of the state. The Germans are conservative, loyal citizens, not prone to wander after false gods. They know what free coinage of silver means, and, irrespective of party, they are for a sound currency. The party leadership does not suit the Westbote, neither will it suit the Germans of the state, and they will refuse to follow.

Sibley says he wants Teller to be the Democratic Presidential candidate. Teller wants the same thing. But it's dollars to doughnuts that he won't get what he wants.

There is an overpowering desire on the part of the people to play in McKinley's yard.

It is Fourth of July at Canton every day now.

Ask the Blade Your Questions!

Wherever two or three men get together, the political issues are the topic of conversation. This is a marked feature of this year's campaign. And have you noticed that, in the course of five minutes, some one will advance a proposition which the others will not accept, but for which they have no answer? Or they challenge proof of the proposition, which he is unable to give?

These people need and desire information on that point, yet they have no ready and direct means of getting it. The Blade has determined to furnish it, if asked.

We find that there are certain points advanced, in almost any locality, which are deemed "stickers." They are "tough questions" to those unfamiliar with the minute details of the tariff and the silver questions.

We propose to answer such questions, in a new department of the paper, to be run from now during the rest of the campaign, called "Tariff and Silver." We will answer ONLY such questions as are sent by actual subscribers to The Blade, whether regular or campaign subscribers.

PLEASE NOTICE!

Make your questions full and clear, stating exactly what you want to know, or the point on which you are in doubt. Give your full name and postoffice address, so that it will be easy to refer to the subscription list and see that you are a subscriber. Address your letter "Political Editor," The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

We shall endeavor to answer all questions sent; but, should more come during any week than can be answered in the space set apart for that purpose, we shall reserve the right to select those to answer—in every case choosing those of the greatest general interest.

A BAD SHOWING.

The Democratic administration seems to have abandoned all attempts to justify the Wilson tariff law. It is such an abominable failure as a revenue-raiser that no defense is possible. June was the last month in the fiscal year, and the revenue returns compare unfavorably with the figures for the corresponding month last year. The receipts show only a slight decrease, standing at $25,221,534 last month, against $25,615,474 in June, 1895, a reduction of $393,940. It is on the other side of the account that the change for the worse makes itself very evident. The expenditures have risen to $25,030,000, against $21,683,029 in June, 1895, an increase of $3,346,971. The two movements working in the same line have produced a deterioration of $3,740,911 in the net result, the surplus for the month being cut down to the very narrow margin of $191,534, in comparison with a surplus of $3,932,445 in June, 1895. And this has been accomplished by postponing all payments possible until July, which month will show a huge deficit—a trick of book-keeping to which the administration has resorted more than once before.

This month of June is an interesting one for comparison. It ends the first full year under the Wilson bill, and the total receipts for the fiscal year are below the receipts for any fiscal year under the protective system. The receipts for June are lower than for the past twenty years. The receipts for June never fell below $30,000,000, either under the tariff law of 1883 or the McKinley law. The lowest point reached under the former for June was 32 million dollars, and the lowest under the McKinley law, prior to the depression caused by the anticipation of the passage of the Wilson bill, was a fraction less than 31 millions.

The showing for the fiscal year ended June 30, is quite as remarkable as that for June. In 1893, under the McKinley tariff act, the total receipts were $331,564,749, and in 1892, $350,073,015. While the Wilson bill was pending passage the receipts dropped to $293,664,360 in 1894. The lowest point reached under the tariff of 1893 was $367,766,302, in 1887, and the highest, $397,891,518 in 1890.

We have been importing enormously, but the revenue from duties shows a heavy decline. This is because the duties are too low, and even the increase in imports does not hold the revenue for duties up to the level of the McKinley law. The customs receipts for the year just closed amounted to but $161,000,000, which is a lower aggregate than under either of the preceding tariff laws. The customs receipts in 1887 amounted to $220,275,862, and in 1890 to $228,867,756. In 1891 the same receipts aggregated $219,592,436, and in 1893, $203,142,670.

The Wilson law has been in operation for twenty-two months. During the first twenty-two months after the McKinley law became operative, the total governmental receipts were $660,420,550. This covers the period from October 1, 1890, to July 31, 1892. The first twenty-two months of the Wilson act, from September 1, 1894, to June 30, 1896, shows the total receipts to have been $556,350,111, leaving a loss to the government during these twenty-two months, from this source alone, of $104,070,439. Nothing more is needed to show the utter failure of the Wilson law, and to demonstrate the need of prompt legislation along protective lines.

The sound money Democrats of Massachusetts who declare that they will never vote for a free silver candidate or a free silver platform are getting a list of names including pretty nearly everybody of that political faith. But they will either have to run a candidate of their own or vote for McKinley.

Stanley, the explorer, is still very ill in London. The sufferings and privations he endured during his African explorations have no doubt undermined even his iron constitution, and no one would be surprised if he died years before the time allotted to him under ordinary conditions of life.

The proof that the St. Louis convention was a convention of the people, and obeyed their will is seen in the fact that it is followed by fewer discords and more general harmony and enthusiasm than any similar gathering that has met in fifteen years.

McKinley can afford to have his lawn and flower beds destroyed. Next year he will have access to the White House conservatory.

Sound money Democrats are beginning to show their teeth and there promises to be a mutiny aboard the Democratic ship.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Death has removed from earth the most noted of the devoted band who labored, during the decade before the war, for the abolition of human slavery. It was given to Harriet Beecher Stowe to show the American people what slavery really was. She did this, not by fervid oratory, not by a direct appeal from pulpit and rostrum, but simply by writing a plain, unvarnished tale, in which she pictured the institution under all its aspects.

One who to day reads Uncle Tom's Cabin wonders at the mighty furore it occasioned. Here is a book which, judged by present standards, is in no wise remarkable as a literary effort. Yet the country rang with the controversies it raised. The secret is, that the book's success did not hinge on plot or character, nor on tricks of style. It was a plain transcript of Southern life under the old slave system. The slaveholders raged, not because their section and its labor system were caricatured or falsified, but because the book was mercilessly true.

In the North, Uncle Tom's Cabin, for the first time, lifted the curtain and let the light of day in upon slavery. It was like the fiery cross in the Middle Ages. It raised the nation to a sense of the intolerable shame, the inherent wickedness, of the slave system. It created a public sentiment that needed only the repeal of the Missouri compromise to rally to the defense of the freedom of the nation's territorial domain, and say to the slave power, "thus far, and no farther."

Mrs. Stowe's book did not bring on the war. Had it never been written, the conflict was inevitable. But it roused the men of the free states to resist the efforts of the slave power to extend its borders and entrench itself in the laws of the nation. And when this aroused public sentiment triumphed at the polls in 1860 in the election of Lincoln, the slave barons seceded and endeavored to establish a nation of their own with human slavery as its corner-stone. How they utterly failed is history.

Mrs. Stowe lived to see the overthrow of slavery, the reunion of the nation under the flag of freedom, and to rejoice thereat with the exceeding joy of one who sees a life-long dream fulfilled. She is gone, but the memory of the part she took in the long struggle of humanity against slavery will endure so long as the recollection of the mighty contest for the preservation of the Union remains with the American people.

RUSSIA'S CURRENCY.

Russia has been for years cursed with a mixed-up and depreciated currency. Her system or lack of system, has hitherto been even worse than ours. Her unit of values is the rouble. This is in circulation in three forms—gold, silver and paper. Silver is the nominal standard; the gold rouble is coined on a ratio of 15½ to 1, but it passes for double the value of the silver rouble. The gold rouble is worth 77 cents, the silver rouble about 38 cents, reflecting the fluctuations of silver bullion. There is an over-issue of paper money, but which is depreciated below the value of the silver rouble, and the depreciation is measured by the gold standard in business.

Russia has for several years been accumulating a stock of gold, with the intention of remedying this chaos in her currency. Now comes the formal announcement by the Russian government that it will start on a gold basis, redeem her paper in gold, use silver only as subsidiary coin, and stop the fluctuations in the value of the rouble.

The European papers record the fact that a vast influx of capital from other countries has been attracted to Russia by this announcement. The volume of gold held by the government gives absolute confidence that the value of the rouble will be permanent, and the standard of value suffer no depreciation. An era of prosperity it opening upon the Czar's dominions. Like the United States, Russia needs capital for the development of her great resources. She has found out the folly of trying to give money a fictitious value, or of attempting to do business on fiat paper. French, German and English capital is ready to seek investment in any country which affords a chance for its profitable use, wherein there is a safe and stable monetary system.

Were the free silver agitation in this country ended, we should command a volume of foreign capital vastly greater than that now flowing to Russia, because the opportunities for its use here are vastly more numerous, with greater opportunity for profit. The way to reduce interest rates here is to make our currency basis absolutely stable, and attract foreign capital in the largest possible volume. A billion dollars could be obtained within a few months if this paralyzing fallacy of silver were removed.

M'KINLEY'S REPLY.

Major McKinley's speech in response to the formal announcement of his nomination at St. Louis, conveyed to him by the notification committee, is probably along the same general lines upon which his formal letter of acceptance will be written. He places protection and reciprocity as the things absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the people, and the raising of sufficient revenue to meet the government's need. The national credit—that is, the maintenance of the present standard of values—must be upheld. He voices a great truth which many fail to recognize when he declares that the complaint of the people against the present administration is not because of its borrowing money by issuing bonds to sustain the credit of the nation, "but against the ruinous policy which has made this necessary."

Major McKinley takes occasion to declare that the platform adopted at St. Louis commands his unqualified approval. He declares that the currency must be kept as it is, and made as good abroad as at home; that "the dollar paid to the farmer, the wage-earner and the pensioner must continue forever equal in purchasing and debt paying power to the dollar paid to any government creditor." Undoubtedly in his formal letter of acceptance he will state his views on silver at length, as it is always the custom for a candidate to make that document a clear exposition of his views on the issues of the campaign.

Boies's enemies in Iowa are resurrecting his speeches five years ago in favor of the gold standard. That is real unkind to Uncle Hod.

Joe Manley has gone out of the business of managing Presidential campaigns. Joseph failed to manage himself at St. Louis.

The Democratic party is going to perdition by the free silver route, and many wise voters are declining to accompany it.

If Russell Sage is so enthusiastic over McKinley's nomination he may be persuaded to contribute a dollar to the campaign fund.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 3. Don't fail to read it.

Tariff and Silver Queries.

Why It Was Done.

"Was there any just cause for the act called the demonetization of silver in 1873? If so, what was it?"—W. S. J., Oakland, Ky.

"What were the reasons for demonetizing silver in 1873?"—J. E. S., Kempton, Ill.

The reasons, briefly given, are these: Since the coinage act of 1834, the silver dollar had failed to circulate, because it was worth, as bullion, about two cents more than the gold dollar. Hence, it was simply an article of merchandise. The originators of the act of 1873 considered that it was useless to continue the coinage of a piece which failed to circulate; and they believed—and correctly—that in enacting this legislation they were keeping the United States abreast of the financial policy of the civilized commercial world.

Your question is evidence of the fact that the free silver advocates ignore the fact that the tendency toward a single standard, and that gold, as the better metal, had been active in Congress for years. It may be of interest to you to have us briefly sketch the history of our coinage:

The coinage law of 1792 fixed the ratio between silver and gold at 15 to 1. The fractional silver coins—the half-dollar, quarter dollar, dime and silver half-dime—were not token coins, as now, but weighed respectively one-half, one-fourth, one-tenth, and one-twentieth as much as the silver dollar. They, as well as the silver dollar, were full legal tender. The working of this law is shown in the fact that over two-thirds of the coinage up to 1837 was fractional silver.

Gold was coined to the extent of about half a million dollars a year, but immediately left the country as bullion, because gold coin was worth a little more, as bullion, than its face, measured in silver. The bulk of our circulation was bank notes. The total amount of silver was small, and much of it Spanish and Mexican coins. The Spanish milled dollar was the most abundant. It weighed a little more than ours. But the American dollars passed on an equality with the Spanish dollars in the West Indies. The question of ratios, and that the absolute value of coin depends on the amount of pure metal in it, were not well understood in those days among West Indian merchants. So our merchants sent American dollars to the West Indies, obtained Spanish dollars, which were sent to the mint and coined into American dollars. These were immediately exported; so the mint was coining them without adding them to our circulation.

As a consequence, President Jefferson ordered the coinage of the silver dollar suspended in 1805, and none were coined until 1836. For thirty-one years there was no free coinage of silver dollars.

Hence we had from 1805 to 1834, this condition of things: Bank notes the principal part of our currency; no silver dollars coined; fractional silver a full legal tender in all sums; worth more than silver at the ratio of 15 to 1, and hence all our gold exported as bullion.

In 1834 Congress changed the ratio to 16 to 1. This made the gold dollar a cent or two cheaper than the silver dollar, consequently the silver dollars went abroad as bullion. The coinage of the following 19 years shows that the use of gold was greatly increased by the change, constituting over two-thirds of the entire coinage. Silver was also used to a considerable extent, but almost entirely in the fractional form, there being $27,000,000 coined of subsidiary silver, but only $16,000 of the alleged "dollars of the Constitution." But the working of that coinage law is shown by the reason which produced the act of 1853.

The facts with regard to that bill are amply set forth in the Congressional Globe for the second session of the Thirty-second Congress and appendix thereto. Mr. Dunham, of Indiana, the chairman of the committee on Coinage, in opening the debate in the House, clearly stated the purpose of its provisions. The definite enactments were that the weight of silver in the half-dollars, quarters and dimes should be reduced to 198 grains for the half dollar, and other coins in proportion, making the weight of a dollar's worth of them 384 grains; that gold should be excluded from free coinage, the mint being authorized to purchase bullion to coin them, and that their legal tender should be restricted to amounts of $5.

Bearing in mind that the silver coins thus treated comprised $73,000,000 out of the $75,000,000 of silver coined up to 1850, Mr. Dunham's remarks on its object are significant. He said that its purpose was "to have the standard currency consist of gold only, and that these silver coins shall be subservient to it, and that they shall be used rather as tokens than as standard currency." He went on to show at length in this speech (reported in full at page 190, appendix to Congressional Globe, second session, Thirty-second Congress) that the premium on silver was taking all the silver coin out of the country. Mr. Dunham's sharp fiction about the country being supplied with Spanish and other silver dollars is shown in its true light by Mr. Dunham's statement that the only silver above three-cent pieces which remained in the country was the degraded foreign coin, "the depreciation of these foreign coins by abrasion being from 6 to 20 per cent." The bill was evoked. It was explained by the necessity of preserving the stock of fractional silver, for which purpose the fractional coins were to be reduced in weight. The dollar was to be left "as it is now, an article of merchandise;" but with regard to the silver that was necessary to keep, it was proposed to recognize the fact set forth in Mr. Dunham's words: "We have had but a single standard for the last three or four years. That has been and is gold. We propose to let it remain so, and to adapt silver to it and regulate it by it."

There was quite a sharp little debate over this bill, and proof that it was not passed without knowledge is given in the Nevada memorial from the New Jersey legislature, setting forth that silver coins "are no longer a standard of value in payment, and are only used as an article of commerce," and therefore urging the passage of the bill. It is singular, too, that the main opposition to the bill was not because it proposed to adopt the single gold standard, but because one of its provisions endangered the maintenance of the standard. Mr. Skelton, of New Jersey, led the opposition to an amendment which the committee had reported, making the fractional silver coins legal tender in payments to the government. He said in his remarks: "Gold is the only standard of value by which all property is now measured; it is virtually the only currency of the country." But Mr. Skelton was afraid that the amendment just referred to might make the fractional silver another and cheaper standard, and that "it would drive the gold coin from circulation and substitute that of silver, thus producing a greater evil than the one proposed to be remedied." Mr. Skelton pressed this objection so vigorously that the House voted down the amendment, and passed the bill as it came from the Senate, thus making clear the desire that the gold basis should be undisturbed.

Here is a clear recognition of the purpose and desire to adopt the gold basis. The bill took away free coinage, and restricted the legal tender power of all the silver coins that had been actually in circulation. The opposition in the House was because of the adoption of the gold standard and the purpose to make silver only subsidiary. There was little discussion in the Senate, the bill being assented to as coming from the administration. But it is indicative of the value of Governor Boies's recent citation of Daniel Webster as authority for the belief that the constitution requires the coinage of silver, that this bill for the demonetization of silver then coined was prepared and sent to Congress by an administration in which Daniel Webster was the leading cabinet officer.

Now one of the free silver advocates refers to these facts. They never tell the truth about the matter. It is clear that the actual "demonization" of silver took place by the act of 1853, that we had gone to the gold standard from the operations of the act of 1834. The files of the Congressional Globe show that this fact was well understood in Congress.

That bimetallism was a failure. The law of 1792 provided for it, but the dearer coin—gold—left the country as bullion, and left the cheaper coin—silver—as the actual standard. The act of 1834 changed that ratio, and made gold the cheaper. Hence the dearer metal, silver, went out as bullion, while the cheaper metal, gold, remained. The word "dollar" means to a business man a gold dollar, not the silver dollar, which was worth two cents more than the gold dollar.

If a difference of two cents in the bullion value of the two standards would do this for 1834 onward, what would be the result of giving free coinage to silver at 16 to 1, when there is a difference of about 48 cents in the value of the gold and silver dollar? Can you not see the gold would leave us at once, and that values would be measured in a silver dollar, worth only about half the present dollar?

Now, let us look at the effect of the law of 1853. The silver dollar was left nominally on the statute book, because the act of 1853 dealt only with the coins which it wished to keep in the country, and which it kept by reducing their weight and limiting them to subsidiary coin. But the facts recognized in 1853 continued. Demonetization did not limit the use of the fractional silver coins. On the contrary, their annual coinage was increased 50 per cent. But the coinage of gold swelled to such an extent that of 770 millions of coinage, 700 millions were gold, 62 millions of subsidiary silver and five and a half millions, or less than one dollar in a hundred, were of silver dollars.

In the enactment of 1873, the disposition of the silver dollar was a very slight part of the whole bill. The act dealt with topics which made much more debate in the provisions for assaying and coining gold, about which the Pacific coast legislators had a great deal to say. Consequently, the disposition of the silver dollar did not make very much talk, because, first, it dealt with a coin practically non-existent, and, second, one about which there was no real difference of opinion. But that the deprivation of free silver coinage or the limitation of legal tender was done surreptitiously, is shown by the record to be a malicious slander.

We propose to give two quotations from the record showing that the favorite free silver charge is an utter invention, and to be satisfied with that. On April 9, 1872, Mr. Hooper, of Massachusetts, opening the debate in the House, stated that the legal theory established by the act of 1872 was that the silver dollar was the legal unit. He went on to show that it had since become an article of commerce, and stated the purpose of the sections of the bill bearing on this point was "that 25.8 grains of standard gold, constituting the gold dollar, should be declared the legal unit or metallic representative of the dollar of account." Further on in his remarks he outlined that the proposed silver dollar of 384 grains was to be "subsidiary coin in harmony with the silver coin of less denomination. The silver dollar of 412½ grains, by reason of its bullion or intrinsic value being greater than the nominal value, has long since ceased to be a coin of circulation." (Congressional Globe, Part 3, 2d session, 424 Congress, pages 2360 and 2366.)

The main statement on this point was not disputed, although the allusion to silver precipitated a very pretty fight. Mr. Potter (Dem., N. Y.) commented on the fact that this bill provides for the making of changes in the legal tender coin of the country, and for substituting as legal tender coin of only one metal, instead of, as heretofore, two. I think myself this would be a wise provision and that legal tender coins, except subsidiary coins, should be of gold alone; but why should we legislate on this now, when we are not using either of these metals as a circulating medium?" (Page 2390.)

The partisan enlargement of Mr. Potter on this theme brought Hon. W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, to the front in a somewhat irritated mood. He pointed out (page 2311) that "every coin of ours that is not gold is subsidiary. Our silver dollar, half dollar and every other coin that is not gold is subsidiary," and proceeded to charge Mr. Potter with opposing this bill in the interest of bullion brokers in New York, who were using the assay and stamp of the mint as an economical certificate of the weight and quality of their bullion to be exported. But in doing so Mr. Kelley raised a hornets' nest. Messrs. Potter, Wood and other Democrats came back so vigorously with charges that other provisions of the bill were going to furnish cheap assays to gold miners in the West that after a warm fight the bill went over. The significance of the debate for present purposes is that it opened with a clear and unmistakable declaration and without dissent, of the purpose of discontinuing free coinage and unlimited legal tender of the silver dollar as a coin, entirely discontinuing its practical use.

The bill, having passed the House, went back to the Senate and was there debated at length. Near the close of the debate, Mr. Casserly, of California, declared "the half dollar and quarter dollar are the money of the people and they are the leading coins of our entire silver coinage"—for which reason he wished the figure of Liberty retained on them. A little further on, with regard to the regulation Pacific coast desire to get the mint charge, or seigniorage, on gold coinage abolished, he spoke of the English need of silver for India and China, and said: "We have more silver than we want. Nevada appears to be getting ready to deluge the world with silver. I see that her silver product last year was probably over $20,000,000. Now, sir, I submit that there would not be a more profitable operation for the gold bullion of Australia, and coin it in San Francisco, and diffuse that much more through all the arteries of business, getting ready for the resumption of specie payments, and to give them in return this silver which we do not want." The Globe shows that only a few minutes before Mr. Casserly had made these remarks, William M. Stewart had participated in the debate, making it a fair inference that he heard this practical declaration that the silver was not "money of the people" enough to be mentioned among the leading silver coins, and the development of the theory that silver was commodity to be sold abroad in exchange for the gold that was alone wanted for specie payments. And not only did William M. Stewart fail to protest against such ideas, but he actually supported them by his vote.

These are the facts with regard to the demonetization. The silver coin which at any time prior to 1873 constituted any negotiable part of our coinage was demonetized in 1853, and if it was demonetized in order to keep fractional silver in the country. The recognition that we were on a gold basis in 1853 and intended to stay on it was positively announced. The coinage of the nation did stay on the gold basis throughout the fifties and up to the suspension of specie payments. What the act of 1873 did was to take away the one coin that had remained for 23 years before that time and that constituted no part of the monetary system of the country. The act of 1873 did not strike down silver. It found it down and left it down.

All the assertions about a conspiracy to wipe out half the standard money of the country are shown in the light of these facts to be the deliberate and mendacious demagoguery.

The debates on the act of 1873, copied from the official records of Congress, and the history of the measure, are published in a pamphlet entitled "The Crime of 1873," which you can get by sending five cents to "Sound Currency Committee, Reform Club, 52 William st., New York, N. Y."

A Demagogue's Juggle.

"I am in the worst free silver den in Colorado, and am trying my best to stem the tide as a McKinley man, but will have to depend on The Blade to help me out. Please find a clipping from a paper printed at St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn. Please answer the query in your new department of The Blade."—J. P. M., Basalt, Colo.

Here is the clipping:

> "When the Republican spell-binders come around, howling for high tariff, just ask them why wheat is worth one dollar a bushel in Mexico and fifty cents in the United States, and whether the remonetization of silver would not make it worth one dollar in the United States. And if not, why not?"

That is very easy to answer. It is because a Mexican dollar will buy just half what an American dollar will buy. If the export price of wheat is 50 cents in the United States, it is exactly the same in Mexico, and sells there for a Mexican dollar a bushel; but as the latter has only half the purchasing power of a gold standard American dollar, it is plain the actual price is no higher in Mexico than in the United States. The Mexican dollar goes at its bullion value—that is, the market price of the silver in it. The American dollar passes at its gold value—the market price of 23.22 grains of pure gold. Read the answer, "Effect of Free Coinage," elsewhere in this department this week, and that headed "Mexican Dollars," in this same department last week.

Now for the second question in the above clipping—whether the remonetization of silver would not make wheat worth one dollar in the United States. It would not change the market price of wheat one iota. The price would be fixed by supply and demand, as it always is. But our currency would drop to the silver standard, and if wheat was worth 50 cents a bushel, gold value, it would then be worth one silver dollar, because the silver dollar would no longer buy as much as the silver dollar now will, but only half as much. How would that benefit the farmer? He would get no more for his wheat. Everything he has to buy would be double its present price. A thousand bushels of wheat would go to buy a dollar's worth of granulated sugar, of which you now get 20 pounds for a dollar, gold standard. He would get only 10 pounds for a silver dollar. And everything else would be up in proportion to what he has to buy. The silver dollar would buy only 50 cents' worth of anything.

Effect of Free Coinage.

"In the event we adopt free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, will that cause a rise in the price of silver bullion, or will gold go to a premium?"—S. H. Newport, Mo.

Well, what does the experience of other nations prove? Mexico admits both gold and silver to free coinage at 16½ to 1. There is no gold in circulation in Mexico. Why? Because the law allows a man can pay his debts in silver dollars, and he will not buy gold at twice the cost, but pays it in silver. The silver dollar is worth just half the value of the gold dollar. It will buy only half as much. Mexico is nominally bimetallic, but really on the silver standard. If we were foolish enough to admit silver to free coinage at 16 to 1, can you see any reason to suppose that our experience would be different? Read what we said under the heading, "Mexican Dollars," in this department last week.

Japan furnishes another instance of the same thing. Her unit of value is the yen, which is coined in both silver and gold. The silver yen contains 374.4 grains of pure silver—that is, it is a little heavier than our dollar, which contains 371.25 grains of pure silver. The silver yen is worth, in our money, 52 cents. The gold yen is worth $1. The gold yen circulates, but it will buy as much as two silver yen. Though the law ordains they shall be equal, no law can make them equal, no more than a law can make a bushel of oats equivalent in value to a bushel of wheat. The silver yen fluctuates in purchasing power with the fluctuations in the value of silver bullion. It would be the same in this country under free coinage at 16 to 1. The silver dollar would buy only half as much as the gold dollar. The gold dollar would not increase in purchasing power, but the silver dollar would fall to its bullion value. That is, gold would be counted at a premium, when measured in silver dollars.

Legal Tender Money.

"How many of the eight kinds of money in the United States are a legal tender for private debts and in what amounts?"—S. H., Newport, Mo.

There are ten kinds of money in the United States, and their legal tender qualities are given below:

1.—Gold coin—unlimited legal tender.
2.—Gold certificates—not legal tender.
3.—Silver dollars—unlimited legal tender.
4.—Silver certificates—not legal tender.
5.—United States notes (greenbacks)—unlimited legal tender.
6.—Currency certificates—not legal tender.
7.—Treasury notes of 1890 (Sherman notes)—unlimited legal tender.
8.—National bank notes—not legal tender.
9.—Subsidiary silver coin (halves, quarters, dimes) legal tender up to $5.
10.—Minor coin (nickels and cents)—legal tender up to 25 cents.

Fluctuation in the Per Capita.

"What is the cause of the increase or decrease of the per capita?"—S. W., Courtland, Kan.

The amount of money in circulation varies from several causes. A bond issue, for instance, takes $100,000,000 of gold out of circulation and puts it into the Treasury. This diminishes the total amount of money in circulation by that much, and of course diminishes the circulation per capita. During the last fiscal year $35,000,000 of gold was coined at the mints, which increased the circulation that much, and increased the per capita. Large sales of American bonds abroad would bring money across the Atlantic, and increase the circulation, and so on.

Our Silver Coin Abroad.

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Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn
Battle of Cold Harbor Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
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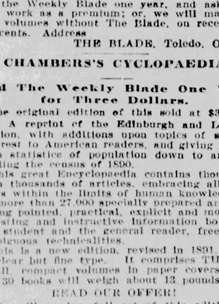
NO. 6795—LADY'S AND MISS'S SKIRT.

This skirt pattern is particularly desirable for the pretty thin fabrics that are now so fashionable. Dotted Grass Linen is here handsomely trimmed with batiste insertion, through which apple green satin ribbon is run. The top is moderately full, being gathered at the waist line and sewed to the band. The Spanish flounce is deeply hemmed at the foot, gathered at the upper edge and joined to the lower edge of the top portion, the row of insertion hiding the seam. The



NO. 6795—LADY'S AND MISS'S SKIRT.

placket is finished in center back, but can be made at the side if thought more convenient. Silk, linen or cotton mull, plain or dotted Swiss, dimity, lawn, batiste, grenadine, net, India or China silks, all make up stylishly by the mode. Ribbon, gimp, lace, or embroidered insertion, hem or feather stitching can be used in decorating, or a perfectly plain finish can be given to this simple and stylish skirt.

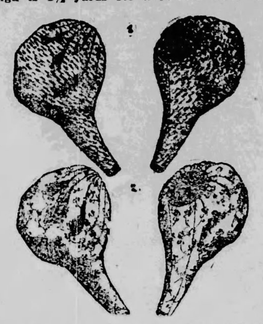
The quantity of material 36 inches wide required to make this skirt for a lady having a 25-inch waist measure is 4¾ yards. To make the skirt for a miss 14 years old it will require 3½ yards of the same width material.

The pattern, which is No. 6795, and retails for 30 cents, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure, and for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

NO. 6786—LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SLEEVES.

Here are represented two different styles of the latest gigot, or leg o' mutton, sleeves in modified size, according to the present mode. No. 1 is of silk and wool etamine, dashes of silk being thrown to the surface. The sleeve is shaped with a single seam simply gathered at the top and arranged over two seamed linings that fit the arm comfortably. No. 2 is of chameleon brocade and has a separate under-arm portion. The fullness stands out fashionably from gathers at the top, fitting closely from elbow to wrist where they are plainly completed. These sleeves can be made of any material to match or contrast with the waist, basque, tea gown or wrapper in which they are inserted, and the wrists can be trimmed in any desired style.

The quantity of material 44 inches wide required to make either No. 1 or No. 2 design is 1½ yards for a 36-inch size. To



NO. 6786—LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SLEEVES.

make these sleeves for a miss fourteen years of age it will require one yard of the same width material.

The pattern, which is No. 6786 and retails for 25 cents, is cut in sizes for a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure, and for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.

NO. 6785—LADY'S WRAPPER, WITH BISHOP SLEEVES.

White dimity is here handsomely trimmed with delft blue and white embroidery and insertion to match, blue satin ribbon forming the stock collar, cuff bows and tied semi-girdle at the waist line. The closing in center front is invisible under a band of insertion. The gown is shaped in the favorite princess style, fitting smoothly below the waist where each seam is gradually widened

NO. 6785—LADY'S WRAPPER WITH BISHOP SLEEVES.

to produce the fashionable fluted effect in the skirt. The bishop sleeves are gathered top and bottom, cuff bands finishing the wrists. A frill of embroidery and a band of ribbon with bow forms the dainty decoration. The gown can be made up with or without lining, the style being equally well adapted to wool, silk, cotton or linen fabrics. cashmere, batiste, grass linen, cambric or China silk, and are favorite materials with lace, embroidery, ribbon, gimp or bias bands for decoration.

The quantity of material 44 inches wide required to make this tea gown for a lady having a 36-inch bust measure is 6⅜ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6785 and retails for 35 cents, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6792, MISSES' BASQUE—NO. 6654, MISSES' SKIRT.

Fancy striped chamelon silk is here stylishly trimmed with old blue velvet and all over lace, cue steel buttons forming the decoration. The pretty basque waist has the full front and back arranged over glove-fitted linings that close in center back, the top of which is faced with silk and overlaid with lace to form the square yoke. Bands

NO. 6792—MISSES' BASQUE.
NO. 6654—MISSES' SKIRT.

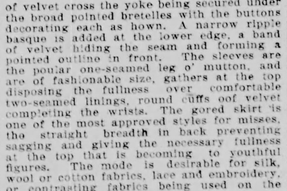
of velvet cross the yoke being secured under the broad pointed bretelles with the buttons decorating each as shown. A narrow ripple basque is added at the lower edge, a band of velvet hiding the seam and forming a pointed outline in front. The sleeves are of the popular one-seamed leg o' mutton, and are of fashionable size, gathers at the top disposing the fullness over comfortable two-seamed linings, round cuffs oof velvet completing the wrists. The gored skirt is one of the most approved styles for misses, the straight breadth in back preventing sagging and giving the necessary fullness at the top that is becoming to youthful figures. The mode is desirable for silk, wool or cotton fabrics, lace and embroidery, or contrasting fabrics being used on the latter in place of velvet.

The quantity of material 44 inches wide required to make this basque for a miss fourteen years of age is 2½ yards. To make the skirt it will require three yards of the same width material.

The basque pattern, which is No. 6792 and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in sizes for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age. The skirt pattern is No. 6654, retails for thirty cents, and is cut for misses of ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

6811—GIRLS' ETON SUIT AND SHIRT WAIST.

Navy blue storm serge and white Madras shirting are combined in this useful and attractive outing suit. No style more appropriate can be thought of for seaside, traveling, outing, or general wear, the jacket being removable and easily adjusted over the simple shirt waist. A box plait is formed at the edge of right front of shirt waist, gathers on each side at the neck arranging the pretty fullness. The back is smooth, having a pointed yoke applied across the shoulders, and the fullness at the waist line is gathered and arranged on a belt which is provided with buttons to which the skirt is attached. The rolling collar closes at the neck, and the shirt sleeves are finished at the wrists with rolling cuffs that are worn outside the jacket sleeves. The Eton jacket is shaped by shoulder and under arm seams, and reveal the shirt waist between the open fronts, that are finished by a sailor collar. A removable collar of white shirting to match the shirt waist is buttoned on underneath and reaches to within an inch of the edge of the blue serge collar. Fashionable leg o' mutton sleeves are gathered at the top and plainly completed at the wrists. The full round skirt is gathered at the top and sewed to a straight belt, in which buttonholes are worked to correspond with buttons on band of shirt waist, the closing being in center back. Serge, tweed, cheviot, flannel, mohair, duck, grass linen, crash or other suitings will develop



NO. 6811—GIRL'S ETON SUIT AND SHIRT WAIST.

stylishly by the mode, either singly or in combination with contrasting material and decorated with braid, gimp, insertion or embroidered edging. For the shirt waist percale, dimity, lawn, nainsook or batiste can be used.

The quantity of material 36 inches wide required to make this shirt waist for a girl 10 years of age is 2¼ yards. To make the jacket and skirt it will require of the same width material 4½ yards for a 10-year-old size.

The pattern, which is No. 6811, and retails for 25 cents, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

GARFIELD WEPT.

Col. Everett's Kindness Was Too Much for Him—Garfield Income.

Mrs. Garfield is living quietly at her old home at Mentor, in the suburbs of Cleveland, and the place has been much improved. It is now one of the most beautiful and comfortable farm residences in Ohio, and an ideal place for a quiet, retired life. It is only 15 minutes on the cars from Cleveland, and less than half an hour's drive from Painesville, which is an educational center, and one of the most attractive as well as one of the most cultured, communities in the world.

Mrs. Garfield is a rich woman now; but her wealth came with her sorrow. Her early days, and, in fact, all her life, even up to the death of her husband, were passed in the closest economy, and she was often deprived of the comforts and luxuries that usually pertain to people of her station. Gen. Garfield never had anything but his salary. He was an open-handed man, generous and careless with his money, and was scarcely ever able to make both ends meet. But Mrs. Garfield now has an income of $16,000 as interest from the fund that was raised for her by Cyrus W. Field after the assassination, and a pension from Congress of $5,000, which gives her $21,000 a year to use as she pleases, and she does not spend one-fifth of it. All of the children are well fixed. Mollie, the oldest child is the wife of Mr. Stanley Brown, the representative of the Alaska Commercial company at Washington. James and Harry are practicing law in partnership at Cleveland, and are rapidly making money and reputation. James is a member of the Ohio State Senate, with an excellent record. They are both splendid fellows, and promise to be useful and famous men.

Gen. Garfield had more money a few days after his nomination than he ever had at any other time in his life. He reached Cleveland from the Chicago convention with just $30 in his pocket. That represented all the wealth he had in the world except his mortgaged home at Mentor. Knowing this circumstance Mr. Sylvester T. Everett, the well-known Cleveland banker, in whose house he was a guest, started out one morning with a little subscription paper, and came back with ten $1,000 checks, one of which bore his own signature. He fixed up a bank book, with a package of blank checks, put them in an envelope, and at the first opportunity handed the package to Garfield, with the remark that there was a little pin money for his personal expenses during the campaign, and an explanation that not a penny of it was to be spent for political purposes.

When the general realized the amount and the nature of the gift, he fell upon Everett's neck and wept like a child. He said that the greatest load he had to bear had been taken from him, for he had been lying awake at nights wondering how he was going to meet his personal expenses during the campaign. He said, too, that he never had so much money in his life.—Washington Post.

PARIS HAS A NEW LIGHT.

It Floods the Room With Soft Effulgence Like Moonshine.

M. Henry, a French scientist and experimenter, has discovered a chemical composition that is producing effects of light which are now exciting the wonder of Paris, says the New York Journal. The secret of this composition he refuses to disclose, but he says that it is a mixture of minerals which are cheap and common, and that his invention really amounts to the discovery of a new light that may displace gas and electricity.

A sample of this newly-found illuminant is on exhibition in a mansion on the Rue de Longchamps. There it is placed in a suite of rooms without windows.

These rooms are admirably lighted by the chemical. A soft, effulgent light, like moonlight, is diffused throughout the rooms, and the furniture seems as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus.

The texture of the curtains is beautifully brought out. There is no glare to offend the eye.

Here the mistress of the mansion receives her friends at 5 o'clock every afternoon. There being neither window nor gas nor electric light, no deception can be practiced, and the strange new radiance is seen to issue from small quantities of the mysterious chemical which is placed upon one of the tables.

The inventor says that the rice powder of commerce, which so largely enters into the composition of ordinary face powders, is an essential element of the compound.

It has been suggested that here is a discovery that will prove useful to bicyclists. Wheelmen can now, it is claimed, dispense altogether with the bothersome lamp, and, by carrying a small package of M. Henry's powder in their pocket, can rub it on their wheels and clothing when darkness comes upon them.

One of the strangest effects of this new light is to beautify human faces. It is claimed that the ugliest woman can make herself beautiful at night by rubbing some of this mysterious powder upon her face, which immediately shines with an exquisite radiance that makes her angelic.

Easy On Them.

The late Rev. Dr. William L. Breckinridge of Kentucky, used to tell this story of an Irishman who desired to have a letter written home to his friends in the old country. It was a time when provisions were so abundant in the west as to be almost without value.

After mentioning a good many things that he wished to have written to his friends in Ireland in regard to America, Patrick said:

"Tell them that I get all the meat I can eat three times a week."

"And what do you mean by that?" asked the writer. "Don't you get all the bacon you can eat three times a day?"

"Yes, your riverence," was the prompt reply.

"Well, then, what do you mena by writing to your friends in Ireland that you get all the meat you can eat three times a week?"

"Faith," said Pat, "and that is more than they will believe."—Youth's Companion.

Sadness of the Cyclist.

Some one has remarked on the portentous gravity of the cyclists in Hyde Park, and said that as usual we take our pleasures sadly. May not that serious expression of countenance come from the fact that as soon as people have been once or twice on a cycle they imagine themselves to be experienced riders? Good riding cannot be obtained under six months' practice, and does not come naturally, as some amateurs think, by the grace of God.—London Graphic.

A Symphony of Spring.

There are joyous sights in May time,
With verdure all around,
With sweet carols in the tree tops
And blossoms on the ground.
But way up among the raptures,
That throng us all about,
Is a big strawberry short cake—
With the juice all oozing out.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How They Get News in Japan.

London, May 7, 1896.—Several states have nominated Mr. McKinley as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States and it is expected that he will be elected.—Japan Gazette.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

HUNTING ON A BIKE.

THE POOR HORSE HAS ANOTHER SERIOUS SETBACK.

New Sport for Lovers of the Bicycle—Small Game Easily Bagged From the Wheel.

Only a few days and the poor horse will be still further displaced from his normal element of carrying man to work and to play. A new accomplishment has been discovered, that of gunning on wheels, and where once the hunts and meets were the delight of horse owners, the same are being held with wheels as a means of hunting.

Hunting on bicycles began about a month ago. Well-known sportsmen say that they have been using a bicycle for a long time when wishing to reach a certain portion of the woods, or make certain mountain climbs and descents quickly. But the actual gunning on wheels, as it is now known to bicycle riders in general, is less than four weeks old.

It begna with those riders who are marksmen and whose weekly tours take them through the country. Seeing a quail scurry in the brush they would wish for a gun to catch its flight. Or noting a flight of wild ducks over a stream they would sigh for a rifle to fire in the flock. Consultation with the leading sportsmen and a little practice developed the idea, until now the bicycle gun is part of the expert cyclist's outfit.

The way to hunt on wheels is to carry a rifle strapped to the top bar. The rifle as you purchase it is as long as your forearm, maybe shorter. It is the shape of a policeman's club, and does not look like a piece of firearms. But it has an inside compartment. By screwing a small projection one end comes out like a telescope, and there comes down into perfect rifle shape a rifle stock, at sight of which you feel at home with your firearms. When through shooting the stock is pushed back into the barrel. When screwed out again there is a snap and the rifle is in shape.

This is carried strapped closely to the top bar, and runs between the legs without being noticed by any one passing. At the same time it is a means of protection to the cyclist as well as a ready sport.

The rifle has a small bore and is hammerless. It is very light in action as well as in weight, and brings down its game quickly and surely. Having no hammer, it cannot catch in a cyclist's clothing, and its bore is so small that it makes no bulk between the legs.

A certain well-known amateur cyclist experimented with this rifle at glass balls. He hit 27 out of 29 the first time shooting. He was a good marksman, but not a "crack" by any means. As a cyclist he is an expert.

It is necessary to be very clever upon the wheel before undertaking to shoot while riding. For a second the hands must be off the handles while the shot is being fired. Then the rifle must be replaced or laid down or disposed of in some way before the handles are taken in hand again. This is nothing for an expert cyclist, who finds no difficulty riding without the handles for a considerable distance. He guides the wheel with the knees. Once expert enough to do this, and it is nothing to shoot upon a wheel. One can practice and become a marksman. And many will do this who have never before cared forshooting.

The advantages of shooting upon a wheel are great. You can glide up noiselessly with your pneumatic tire and crack away at the game without taking any chances from a distance. Footsteps are necessarily noisy, and of course the clatter of a horse's feet alarm game, while prowling through the brush and lying in wait for game is tiresome to any but the most devoted sport lovers.

But the wheel takes away all these difficulties. And there is another important point in favor of gunning on a bicycle, and that is the small space through which one can go. Given a woody path and the choice of wheels or on foot, an expert cyclist will take the chances of the wheel every time. The overhanging brush he pushes back with his hands, and the heavy path he can tread better upon his steady, swift wheel than by foot.

But it is for coast shooting that the wheel is best. Along ponds, in the open in hilly countries and where game abounds in fields and meadows, there the bicycle excels. It is true and quick. It cannot leap fences, to be sure, but on the other hand it is not apt to throw you after being lifted over a fence, and it gets three times as near as a horse could.

For pistol practice the cycle has even better advantages, because the pistol is more easily carried. Little pouches come into which the pistol is slipped. The handle is left exposed. This is hung upon the handle bar and is within a second's use of the rider. If you see an odd-shaped bag, with a handle sticking out of the top, you may know it is a pistol, and that the rider is a crack cyclist out for sport.

The law against carrying concealed arms, now so strictly enforced in some parts of the country, is not infringed in the carrying of cycle arms. The weapons are not concealed. They hang out in plain sight, and there comes in another legal question as to whether the cyclist is "carrying" them or not. They are part of his baggage. This was a point well ascertained by sportsmen before putting forward the cycle rifle practice as a new and desirable sport.

At pistol practice from a bicycle an amateur rider made a good record. This man was a crack shot but an ordinary rider. This fact handicapped him to a great extent. He was not confident of his balance. On the other hand, he was a good shot and could fire with lightning speed. He would ride well along, until under fine headway, and with well-balanced wheel; then, quick as thought, he would release the handles, steady the machine with his knees and fire. His record was 30 bull's-eyes out of 35.

Several crack marksmen have been this and without much practice. This, indeed, is not a record, but merely a peic of the first few performances. One of these shots was a skillful enough upon the wheel to ride with one hand upon the handle. With the other hand he sighted the pistol and fired again and again. His record was a little better than 30 out of 35.

The kind of game brought down when cyclists go out to shoot are squirrels, quail, woodcock, wild rabbits and game of the woods. They have great success,

"THE APPROACH IS NOISELESS AND THE FLASH QUICK."

and you see them returning with their strings of game hanging over their top bars.

A sporting dealer says that in a few days there will be game baskets to hang to the top bar, and that specially contrived receptacles for game of different kinds will be placed upon the market. These will fill all the requirements of game baskets and probably have places for ice and storage where birds are to be kept in good feather.

Ammunition belts, carrying about one hundred charges of cartridge, can be worn. A rifle weighing about two and a quarter pounds and firing about 85 is very satisfactory. Though any rifle that a sportsman has been accustomed to does for this purpose, provided it can be carried upon the wheel with safety.

Several of these hunting parties have started out of a Saturday and returned Monday or Tuesday with such game as the season would allow. Shooting for fun alone is not countenanced and no true sportsman would touch them, song birds that are his orchestra by early morning light when he goes out upon the road.

The kind of wheel for this sport is immaterial, any good wheel, road or tourist, light weight or heavy, providing it is in itself a reliable machine. There are certain light weights that are liked by some riders, but others find they must have the heavy wheel. That is a matter of taste with the rider every time. It does not affect the rifle practice.

Upon a lady's wheel the rifle can be carried easily. It can be strapped to the handle bar or laid lightly along the saddle bar. There are several places to put it, each to be decided by the length of the rifle. With a pistol this is easily managed, as it can be hung upon the handle bar with ease.

Improvements are so constantly taking place, that it is hardly safe to predict what the next one will be, or where it will stop. But gunning on wheels has been taken up so quickly that it is a sport that will be a summer and autumn craze.

—What you want when you are ailing is a medicine that will cure you. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and be convinced of its merit.

Put Gunpowder On the Fire.

A coroner in Australia recently reasoned out a verdict more sensibly than one half the verdicts usually rendered. It appears that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder, thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning pile, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this supply off, was blown into a million pieces.

The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official: "Can't be called suicide, bekase he didn't mean to kill himself, he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in—died for want of common-sense."—Pearson's Weekly.

Tormar men or old should not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

SPEND $70,000,000.

AMERICAN TOURISTS WILL TAKE THAT AMOUNT ABROAD.

An Increase of Over Twenty Per Cent—Where Are the Hard Times—A Great Rush for Europe.

The rush of American tourists to Europe this year is the greatest of any year in the history of steamship travel, says the New York Herald. It will be greater than the rush last year, which, in turn, exceeded the phenomenal year of 1892. Although it is difficult to obtain accurate figures, comparing the season to date with the similar period of last, from the information I have been able to obtain it is probable that the increase for the entire season will not be far from twenty-five per cent over last year.

For the sake of conservatism, I shall, however, compute the increase at only twenty per cent. This is sufficiently large. It means not less than fifteen millions more of fertilizing American gold will be dumped on Europe's thirsting plain. Many estimates have been named as to the amount of money which American tourists spend in Europe. Some of them are very far from the mark, some absurdly low, some wildly high.

It was at the custom house that I obtained the figures here used. Through the courtesy of the statistical department I learned that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, 55,994 persons of American residence arrived at the port of New York in first or second cabins. The custom house keeps no record of the cabin passengers of American owners on the outgoing vessels, but the total number of cabin passengers outgoing for the year 1895 was 96,157.

I take it that the former figure, if slightly reduced, to make allowance for the buyers for importing houses and others who go purely for business, represents very closely the number of tourists for that year. That is to say, the number was very close to 50,000. As these figures represent practically the return travel for the year 1894 I shall add ten per cent for 1895, the percentage of increase given me by Gustav Schwab, of the North German Lloyds line. That makes 55,000 for last year, and, computing only a twenty per cent increase for this year, we have a total of more than 65,000. This estimate, submitted to a number of gentlemen, whose business would give them more or less information upon the subject, was regarded as probably as close an approximation to the facts as could be made.

Now, what on the average will each of these 65,000 tourists for the year of grace and bad collections, 1896, spend from the time they book for the steamship until they get a last look on the smooth shores of their native land?

Here, again, any number of estimates have been made, or rather guesses. Probably my estimate is only a guess also. But from inquiries made at some of the larger banking houses, which give letters of credit and from the tourist agencies, I am led to think that this average is not far from $1,250 per person. A thousand dollars would be too low, $2,000 much too high.

Well, 65,000 tourists spending an average of $1,250 each, will get away with rather more than $80,000,000. A rather handy sum. But from this must be taken the amount which is expended in America, in the shape of steamship supplies, coal, salaries, advertising, expenses of tourist agencies and in countless other ways. Probably this sum is in excess of $10,000,000. This will leave a net sum of more than $70,000,000 which goes into the pockets of the steamship lines, the innkeepers, railways and other classes of tradesmen of Europe, who grow rich on the American tourists.

This is a good deal of money. You get a better idea of what it really means when you get in perspective with some other things.

For years the total gold product of this country has been less than half of $70,000,000, and last year was only $10,000,000 more than half. At its highest the silver produce of the United States was only $70,000,000, and is now no half that.

A year and a half of tourist expenditures applied to the gold reserve would wipe it out completely. And not to weary you with comparisons, perhaps you will remember that it was over what to do with a surplus of $70,000,000 in the national Treasury that the Blaine-Cleveland Presidential campaign was fought.

This is a big country and a rich country—bigness and richness only considered, the greatest on earth. But sometimes its business and trade get into the doldrums, and then those who are pinched do not think or feel quite so vividly just how big and rich and great we are.

A Suggestion.

You may not know it, but the disheartening thing, the disquieting thing of the study of pathology is the way it lays bare the mechanical origin of ideas. When you have a lot of money in your pocket you think one way, and when you have none at all, quite a different way. And just at this moment a very widespread idea—or craze—that threatens to do a great deal of harm, springs directly from a lack of ready money.

In the purest spirit of philanthropy, I, as a man of no property at all, offer to the wealthy and propertied classes of the country, who are just now very much frightened at the possibility of this country going crazy over the silver question, this suggestion: Scatter your money from Bar Harbor to Tacoma, and from White Sulphur Springs to Colorado Beach—scatter it as lavishly and freely as you do on the boulevards of Paris, or along the Riviera, and watch what a change of sentiment it will produce.

Credit to the Wrong Shooter.

Ex-Governor Flower went down to Creedmoor one day to see the boys shoot. He was pursuaded to try his own skill as a marksman, and aimed at the distant target. There was a commotion in the gravel fifty yards away, and "bull's-eye!" was called. The Governor tried again, and again the flying gravel in the foreground and the cry of "bull's-eye!" in the distance. After a few such successes the Governor handed the rifle to a young lady, and she fired with the same result, whereupon some one was heard calling to the man who examines the target, "What's the matter with you? The Governor ain't shooting now!"—Judge.

Long Ago.

She—"I wonder where the custom of mothers taking their daughters to watering places originated?"

He—"In the days of Abraham, Rebekah got her husband at one."—Truth.

THE U. S. FIRST THINGS

The first telegraph wire was hung in 1836.

The first scientific periodical was issued in 1797.

Tinware was first made in this country in 1770.

In 1641 the first rope was manufactured in Boston.

The first stereotyping was done in 1813 in New York.

Houses were first numbered in Philadelphia in 1811.

The first omnibus plied to and fro in New York in 1830.

The first United States piano was made in Boston in 1823.

The first sewing silk was patented by an American in 1840.

The first stone paving for streets was laid in New York in 1668.

Tobacco was first grown for export in this country in 1616.

Umbrellas were introduced into America from England in 1772.

The first public schools were opened in 1645 in Massachusetts.

Salt was first boiled in this country at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1787.

The first observatory was located at Williamstown, Mass., in 1836.

The first steam stationary engine was put up in Philadelphia in 1773.

The first anti-slavery society was organized in 1775 at Philadelphia.

The first public library was established in New York in the year 1700.

The first paper mill was put in operation at Roxbury, Pa., in 1690.

The first straw paper made in this country was manufactured in 1828.

The first street lighting in this country was done in New York in 1687.

Rice was first grown in 1695 from seed brought from the East Indies.

The first gold pens were made by hand in 1840 in the City of New York.

The first submarine cable was laid from this country to Europe in 1857.

The first American telescope was put in position at Yale College in 1830.

The first Lombardy poplar in America was planted by Michaux in 1785.

The first American theatre was opened in 1750 in the City of New York.

The first turnpike road was laid between Lancaster and Philadelphia in 1794.

The first night watchmen were licensed by the New York Common Council in 1037.

Brass pins were first made in New York by English machinery in the year 1812.

The first sugar manufactured in this country was in New Orleans in 1796.

The first table cutlery made in the United States was in Greenfield, Mass., in 1834.

The first temperance society in the United States was organized in Saratoga, N. Y., in 1808.

The first religious journal in this country was The Recorder, at Chillicothe, O., in 1814.

Philadelphia was the first city to issue a directory, its first edition coming out in 1785.

The first patent was issued to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for making "pot or pearl ashes."

The first fire engine used in this country was brought from England to New York in 1731.

The first iron forge in English North America was located at Raynham in the year 1652.

The first agricultural newspaper was The American Farmer, begun at Baltimore in 1819.

The first iron nails made in this country were hammered into shape at Cumberland R. I., in 1777.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ONLY PLACE ON EARTH TO GET AN $85.00 WHEEL FOR $47.50.

Toledo Blade Bicycle

GENTLEMEN'S WHEEL. LADY'S WHEEL.

EVERY PART MADE UPON HONOR.

This Bicycle Shipped to Any Part of the United States by Freight, and The Weekly Blade One Year to Any Address, Ordered For

ONLY $47.50.

Toledo, Ohio, is celebrated for many things, among which are the most popular and widely circulated weekly newspaper published in the United States. It contains the largest number of bicycle factories in the world, and more bicycles are built in it than in any other city on earth. Coupling these two facts together, it is proper for the Toledo Blade to combine an excellent bicycle with its subscription offers, after the popular plan under which we have sold so many thousand sewing machines during the past ten years.

We have therefore contracted with one of the best bicycle manufacturers to supply us with a STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS machine, built on honor, adapted for all uses and for all roads, that we can offer to our readers FOR CASH, at a price considerably less than even cheap bicycles are sold.

The wheel we offer is built to retail for $85, and we guarantee it to be fully equal to any wheel which retails for even $100. The cheapest bicycle now sold in the United States, and built to sell in competition with good wheels, retails for $50 to $85, but you must remember that such wheels are not worth any more than this price. They are not durable, nor adapted for ordinary country roads.

We want it distinctly understood that the wheel we now offer is actually worth from $85 to $100, and can not be bought any place else in the world, except of the Toledo Blade, for less than $85.

We propose now to offer, by way of experiment, JUST ONE HUNDRED of these wheels, including a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, for

$47.50 Each.

The wheels will be shipped by freight to the address given, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of wheel. This will be but a small sum, as the crated wheel is light.

Above we give small cuts of the wheel, both ladies' and gentlemen's pattern, which give a fair idea of its appearance. The following is a detailed description of the works and parts:

The cuts above show that the gentleman's wheel is diamond frame, the ladies' drop frame. The frames are of large-sized cold-drawn seamless steel tubing, properly reinforced. The head is 9 inches in length, of 1⅛-inch tubing, rest of frame, 1⅛ inches. Front forks with extra reinforcing, the crown of a new and improved pattern; the rear forks and braces are of ⅞-inch tubing. The entire frame is not only light and strong, but very durable.

The handle bars are of seamless steel tubing, highest grade. The handles are of medium drop, with corkaline grips. German silver tipped; or you can have cane horn (captured) handles, same finish, if you prefer them.

The most important portion of a bicycle as regards durability is the wheels. The rims are made of the finest rock elm to be obtained, with the "Plymouth" lock joint, tangent spokes, of the very best drawn steel, cold swaged; wheels 28 inches high, with 68 spokes, but you can have a higher or lower gear if you so desire.

We furnish either the "Vim" single tube tire, or the Morgan & Wright "quick repair" double tubes.

The bearings are the best and latest pattern, absolutely dust proof, perfectly true, polished perfectly. The steel balls are of the usual sizes—3-16 and ¼ inches diameter, with 158 to each bicycle.

The cranks are equal to the best made of hardened spring steel of the best quality. They can not get loose, for they are keyed to the axle and threaded for the pedals.

The sprockets are made from the best steel, light yet strong enough for any requirements, plated on heavily coppered base. The hubs are the latest barrel pattern, and like the other parts are made of the best steel obtainable. We furnish an ½-inch Humber chain—none better—the rivets hardened, the center solid. Pedals, combination of rubber and rat-trap, dust proof, "Grothe" pattern.

The bicycle is of 1896 pattern, in every respect up to the times. It weighs 24 pounds; tread, 5¼ inches; wheel base, 42½ inches.

The tool bag contains repair outfit, wrenches, oiler and pump, all complete.

We supply but this one grade of wheel, it being the very best we can get. But we will supply

Both Gents' and Ladies' Wheels

The price being exactly the same for either.

How to Order:

Inclose to us a postoffice money order, or draft on New York or Chicago, or express money order, for $47.50. Give the name and postoffice address of

TRUE TO HIS ART.

HE REFUSED THE MONEY AND KEPT HIS SELF-RESPECT.

Suspicion of Others Come to Be Normal—Purity of Motive Not Believed In.

I was reading awhile ago of a literary man who had written a story which he offered to a publisher in answer to a request for something from his pen. It was returned to him with the explanation that it was not sensational enough. If he would change certain parts to make them just touch the borderland of the immoral—that was not the way it was put, but what was intended to be conveyed—the story would be taken and a good round sum paid for the privilege of publication.

"Of course he took it," remarks the present day cynic. "Why shouldn't he do in his business what other people are doing in theirs? Money is all that goes in these times."

He did not take it. He refused to "prostitute his art"—these were his words—to any such purpose. The story had written itself from his brain. It meant a definite thing, and to change it in the way suggested would make a discordant whole, which would be utterly at war with his design. Nor would he be guilty of helping thus to deprave the public taste.

Of course he did not sell his story then. The temptation to do as requested was a very strong one, for he chanced to be at that time sorely in need of money, and this would have been an easy way out of his difficulty. Such relief, however, obtained at the cost of a degradation of his art, to say nothing of the higher motive, was not to be thought of whatever embarrassment its refusal might cause.

I do not doubt but that the term "squeamish" would be applied to this writer by the majority of business people, and if he came to grief in consequence, the verdict would be "serves him right. When you live in the world you must do as the world does."

Unfortunately this has come to be a prevailing sentiment. Men know that there is a higher law of action, a general obedience to which would bring about a better state of things, but individually they do not propose to sacrifice their material interests while others, less scrupulous, gain the money or place which they desire. The permanent effect upon their own character does not enter into the calculation.

This tendency has come to be so generally understood that, in the business world at least, no one believes in another's purity of motive. How much does he get for it? Who has bought him? These are the questions which are openly asked if a man advocates a line of action which he claims to believe right, but which is not on the popular side. Very few will have faith in his honesty of purpose and his unselfishness. And why should they, when the ordinary line of conduct lies in the opposite direction, and so long as a thing comes within the letter of the law it is openly declared to be all right, especially if it be successful from a money-making point of view? The law of justice has apparently nothing to do with the matter. The so-called lucky turn which, viewed in the white light of truth, is dishonorable, if not dishonest, is only a mark of shrewdness in the eyes of the majority. The moral sense is blunted.

This disbelief of business men in the integrity of their neighbors is deplorable There used to be a saying, "His word is as good as his bond." Everybody wants the bond in these days under all circumstances. Money is the god and it is a peculiarity of its worship that the greater the devotion, the greater the selfishness and disregard for the rights of others. So suspicion has become normal.

How can this state of things be remedied? Only in one way. By the awakening of a consciousness that universal brotherhood is not merely a sentiment but a law—the law of life. Ere this becomes general, the harvest of present conditions, in bitter sorrow and pain and anguish, must be reaped. Men may scoff at the idea as much as they please, but in their hearts they know that every cause must bring an effect in kind, and therefore, wrong-doing cannot fail to make discord in the moral world, and discord sooner or later brings suffering.

The author would not prostitute his art to money-getting, that is, he would not be false to his own higher sense of truth, to his better self, for material gain. When the majority comes to feel that to be true to the best that is within them is of greater moment than to possess dollars, they will not violate the right to the extreme limit of the civil law; they will not sell themselves; they will not use public trusts for private and personal advantage; they will not smile in their neighbor's face while preparing to stab him in the back.

Strange that we do not all see that this life means so much more than the pleasures of to-day and to-morrow. If it did not mean anything more what would be the use of it all, for no human being that ever lived reached a fullness of satisfaction that asked nothing else and was perpetual! There is always something beyond, and this very fact proves by analogy, if in no other way, that there is a beyond to everything, and that it is worth considering in its relation to life.

The truth is that the object of everyday living is character-making, the evolution of the soul into higher conditions. Lilian Whiting puts the thought in this way:

"Man does not live in this world that he may house himself in a marble palace and wear beautiful clothing, and feed on luxurious viands. He may do all these as the mere means and outer framework of life, but if he does not live from the spirit, if he does not live the spiritual life, then the years are wholeless and must all be gone over again. One may so learn the lesson from experiences and draw their spiritual essence into his life, may so assimilate and make it his aim that he need not retrace these experiences again. It lies with himself. It is a matter of knowledge, and secondly, of choice. He must, first of all, learn the spiritual laws of life, as a mariner who goes to sea must learn the laws of navigation. But the knowledge is a dead letter unless it is applied. He must apply this knowledge to his own life, and it is when he does this that any true life begins. 'Incline your ear and come unto Me and your soul shall live.' These words are not any more vague and mystical rhetoric, to hear from a priest at his sacred desk at service as a part of the formal ceremony of the hour; they are 'as practical as the multiplication table.' 'Come unto Me'—that is, go to the divine forces, 'and your soul shall live.' One's soul is not alive, save in a latent sense, until it is the conscious mainspring and motor of his daily and hourly experiences."

It is impossible to bring this thought into business, says the man of affairs.

It may be—I do not know—if the principal aim is the piling up of money. Certainly it is impossible if methods are not regarded. I saw somewhere that observation had shown that when a certain multi-millionaire had added to his stores by some act of doubtful morality a large gift to some public institution immediately followed. As if the law of cause and effect could be checkmated that way!

A time will come—it must—when selfishness will melt away before the consciousness of the Unity of all life, and that therefore an injury done to one is done to all. It will not be to-day or to-morrow; in this century or the next, for growth upward is slow, but it must come sometime or evolution is not true. Each one of us is responsible for helping or hindering the spiritual well-being of humanity. As individuals live more and more true to the higher law, so will the moral sense of nations be leavened, and the world grow better and happier.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR COZY CORNER.

HERE FRIENDS MEET AND PLEASANTLY TALK TOGETHER.

Everybody Has a Right to Express an Opinion, No Matter How It Differs From Others.

And now June, the month of roses, of brides, of "sweet girl graduates" is nearly gone, and it seems as if in this year of grace, 1896, there have been more lovely brides and larger classes of graduates than ever before. Putting aside the Presidential politics, there is nothing as interesting in the daily papers, as the accounts of weddings and commencement exercises. And to those immediately interested in these, who is to be President is of very little account compared with the new life that they are entering upon.

Did you ever think how different this "new life" would be if those entering upon it realized what it will mean to them? To the average bride, it means some unusually nice gowns, a ceremony, a reception, a journey, and a coming home, where she can do as she pleases; use her pretty new furniture and wedding gifts in entertaining her friends, and, as one gushing and devoted girl said—"visit, ride, walk and talk to Tom all I want to." There is no thought of the time when care and anxiety and sorrow of many kinds may come into this home, when the bride finds that "house-keeping by ourselves," where she can do "just as she pleases" means more than the entertaining of guests at afternoon receptions, and that "Tom" will not be able to give his entire time to walks and rides with her, on the contrary, he will need to devote more time than ever to business, in order to meet the expenses of the pretty home. While it is not necessary for the young bride to anticipate trouble, it is very necessary that she should give some thought to these possibilities, so that when they come—as they surely will, in some way, to every one—she will be prepared to meet them, and, accepting them as inevitable, make the best of them—always remembering that though

"The years may bring sighing and sadness,
The billows of trouble may roll,
Yet nothing can rob us of gladness,
While love is the life of the soul."

If the young married people would think that their lives must contain troubles and cares, just as every other life must; that because they are they, they will not be exempt from the unpleasant things of the world, and would not allow these trials and disappointments to make them discontented and dissatisfied with their lives and with each other, there would be fewer divorces, fewer heart-broken women, less scandal and less cause for the shameful gossip with which our ears are assailed if we go into society, or which we read in the daily papers in the privacy of our homes.

So, dear brides, whether you are a June bride or if your married life begins in any other month, take this suggestion, as we will call it, as we all object to taking advice—do not expect that in marrying and going to a home of your own, that there will be nothing for you to do but to enjoy yourself and "talk to Tom." If you are wise, you may enjoy yourself, but to do so will require much self-denial, much patience with the failings and shortcomings of others; yes, even "Tom," will not always be the angelic being he seems to be now, but, then, no more will you feel as sweet and lovely when you have the home to care for, the marketing to attend to, the domestic question to solve, and the thousand and one cares of a married woman, as now when your chief occupation is to "look nice" and be happy. So do not forget to make the allowance for other peoples' weaknesses that you claim for your own, and there is no doubt but you will, every one of you, enjoy the happiness that the editor wishes for you.

One rock upon which the happiness of many a family is wrecked is gossip. Harmless gossip, we sometimes hear it called, but I doubt of there is ever very much that is harmless. And there is also another way of "stirring up strife" that is not always recognized. It is the half-way things that are said. Do you understand what I mean? We do not really and truly accuse another of a fault, or a mistake, but we say something that oft times leads our hearer to imagine something much worse than what we really intended. If this second person repeats the ambiguous remark, she will doubtless give it as she understood it, and many times an innocent person is injured by these insinuations. If we have a personal dislike to any one we are at perfect liberty to hold ourselves aloof from that individual, but we have no right to say aught that can by any interpretation injure her in the estimation of others.

If we know of actual sinning on the part of another, it is not necessary that we should air such knowledge, unless some one is to be helped by this means, and by no other. Then it becomes a duty, perhaps, for us to make the statement, but not for the mere pleasure of letting people at large know how wise we are. And if we feel that we must tell anything unpleasant of another, we should be ready to stand by what we say, and not require a pledge of secrecy from those to whom we are moved to speak.

"But," you say, "I might wish to prevent trouble, and yet not wish to be mixed up in the trouble myself." Then my dear friend, don't say a word; if your fear of the consequences is so great that you are not willing to stand by what you say, you may be sure that your desire to "prevent trouble" for others has a little of some other motive than pure unselfishness.

"You, who are strong, and do not know the need
That weaker spirits feel, but do not plead—
The need to lean on some one who is strong—
Oh! see you give their silent want good heed.
"Be not so busy with your own career,
However noble, that you cannot hear
The sighs of those who look to you for help,
For this is purchasing success too dear."

L. S., comes with something that is very appropriate to the subject of happy homes and happy lives, when we consider what an influence is exerted over these by words fitly or unfitly chosen.

"Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—Did you ever think of words, that they are the means by which we express our thoughts and opinions; or that they are an index of our character? If we were to judge some people by the kind of words they use, doubtless, their moral character would be 'weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' The Book of Books says: 'The tongue is an unruly member, and kindleth a great fire.' We can see, and fully realize the truth of that assertion in our every day life. It is, Mr. So and So said this, and Mr. So and So said that, etc., etc., and if we can only find some new slang phrase (which is very easy to do these days) to set off our assertions, we think we have capped the climax. When assailed by hot, angry words, I, for one, if I were a soldier, would prefer the roar, and din of battle, to that waged by an unruly tongue.

"Our words should be true, pure messengers from the very soul, bringing tidings of kindness and good-will to all mankind,—having full sway in the pulpit, in the home, and abroad. Oh! how light, chaffy, and frivolous sounds the general conversation of to-day!

"Let us turn a new leaf, with the firm determination that no light, slangy words shall be found to mar the whiteness of the new page,—all the while remembering the words:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

The best way of keeping ourselves from the temptation to say, and do, wrong mischievous things is to keep our hands and our brain busy with something good. It is a true saying that if we do not sow good seed, weeds will surely grow in our gardens, and this applies to our moral and mental gardens as well as to the material ones. If we fill our minds with the best thoughts of good men and women, and fill our lives with kind and unselfish deeds, Satan will find very little comfort for himself in our lives.

The editor has been patiently waiting to hear from some of the visitors to our Cozy Corner, on the subject of good reading and this morning our ever welcome guest, Em. T. Head set the ball rolling by the following letter:

"Some one proposed the living poets of America for discussion and I think it a good subject. So much is known of the old school of writers and so comparatively little of the new.

"I like Will Carleton and the Hoosier Poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Margaret E. Sangster writes helpful verses as do also Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Susan Coolidge. What could be more hope-inspiring than the following quotation from the pen of the last named writer?

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you."

"Eben E. Rexford, so well known as the floral editor of several periodicals, has written some commendable verse.

"Laura E. Richards, a clever daughter of that clever mother, Julia Ward Howe, writes charmingly both in prose and verse for children."

After a long absence we again welcome Frances Howard, who has been "taking notes," it seems, in reference to the question asked in this department a few weeks ago.

Miss Bouton asks the visitors to the Cozy Corner to express their opinions in regard to the riding of a bicycle by middle-aged women and mothers of family. I think that this, like everything else, depends upon circumstances. While it may not be wicked, improper or sinful for an elderly lady to ride on a wheel, it is sometimes inexpedient, that is, if she is not willing to make herself the laughing stock of her neighbors.

For instance—and this was what reminded me of the question—a woman who is fat, fair and fifty, at the least, has been practicing her wheel exercise on the boulevard before my house. She is very stout, must weigh somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty or seventy pounds, and is built for width instead of length. She wears bloomers, and a little ridiculous cap, which looks like a bald spot on her head, throwing her face, which is fat, red and good-humored, into full view. She stoops forward, as if learning to "scorch," but she is not—she is only afraid to sit up straight; she grasps the handle bar of the wheel as if she never expected to let go of it; her face is covered with perspiration, her mouth is open, and she is rapidly acquiring the "bicycle face."

Trotting along beside her, with his arms extended, ready to catch her when she falls, which is very often, came a patient looking man, sans coat and vest, with an anxious tired look on his face, that betokens anything but pleasure. But madame wished to learn to ride, and there was nothing for monsieur, her husband, to do but to make himself look as ridiculous as it is possible for a man to look, by acting as her tutor.

I learned from a friend, who was acquainted with these people, that the lady was a housekeeper and the mother of half a a dozen grown-up children. The family were in easy circumstances, kept horses and carriages, but the lady must ride because "other folks" did.

Another instance that has come under my observation is this: This woman, too, is the mother of a family, with an invalid husband, who has, for months, been unable to work. The mother was employed in the city, earning the means of support for the family. Being obliged for economical reasons to live some distance from her work, she found it advisable to invest in a wheel, thus saving time, and car-fare and obtaining the exercise that was so necessary after her day's work in her office. When I would see her go by every morning sitting erect and moving along so easily, with such an absence of all fuss, or nonsense, or when she came along at night, hastening home to the dear ones from whom she had been separated all day, I would think that I approved, most heartily, of bicycling for middle-aged and mothers of families, but a sight of the other woman I have mentioned, suggested very different thoughts. Therefore, I say, it depends greatly upon circumstances.

Next!

One thing in connection with the ridiculous looking woman on the bicycle may be possible. She may feel intensely that she is too stout for good looks, and takes this way for getting rid of her superfluous flesh. Bicycle riding is strongly recommended for that purpose by physicians.

Many strong men and good, I see, so bent
Upon their own souls' high development
That they have only scorn or tolerance
To give to those who are not thus intent.

Yet, who can answer that it is not true
That those weak souls who spare when blame is due,
And smile because too gentle to be stern,
Are not more needed in the world than you?

Is the silk-worm industry again coming to the front? It would seem so, for this week we have letters from "Poppy," "Miss Sarah R." and "Eloise" asking for information in regard to the care of the silk worm, food for them, etc. Who will send us an article for the benefit of these and other inquirers?

Marianne writes that she expects soon to be married, and that some one sent her this quotation:

Love once was drowned, though reckoned waterproof,
By the mere dripping of a leaky roof.

While Marianne is sure that even a "leaky roof" would not make any difference in her case, she would like to know who was the author of the quotation.

Vane Vincent asks the name of the author of this:

Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all;
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction.

Rose Evergreen tells Emmeline that if she scrubs the nickle-plating on her stove with lye and water and afterwards polishes it with whiting, she will be pleased with the result.

Lillie M., we cannot find the paper containing the poem you speak of. If the author will tell you the date of the paper containing it, we will send you a copy.

Mrs. Betsey G. waited too long before she answered the question she writes about, as the party is already supplied with the flax.

Is it not when we come out of ourselves and do something for some other one; when we forget to seek after our own pleasure and seek it for another; when we are lost to our own comfort and find it for those around us—is it not then that we are making happiest the day?

FOR THE SUMMER GIRL.

To Contain Her Pet Books and Photographs and Her Pretty Pottery.

Photograph Frame.

This palette-shaped frame of wood or pasteboard may be covered with painted or embroidered plush, satin, or other suitable fabric. Clover is used for decoration, but any other graceful design may be substituted.

The opening for the photograph may be square, round or oval, and care must be taken that the material is folded under evenly and neatly fastened with

strong glue or tiny tacks. Three brushes are passed through the thumb-hole and secured at the back of the frame with strong glue or a few stitches and at the top with bows of ribbon. Fasten a wood, pasteboard, or wire support at the back of the frame.

A wooden palette, suitably decorated, would make a pretty frame.—Priscilla.

Magazine Cover.

Materials: three-quarters of a yard of brown canvas, 24¾ inches wide, and one yard of moire ribbon with picot edge, a half-inch in width.

For the outside cover cut a strip of the canvas measuring exactly eleven inches, using the entire width for length of cover. Turn down each selvedge end to the depth of an inch and a half, creasing flatly with the fingernail.

Measure a space 3½ inches from the crease just made, and crease again. Fold the strip in the middle, and you now have a complete cover for any of the household magazines.

With a second strip of linen, 14½ by 11 inches, we line the cover by slipping the ends under the folded ends of the outside strip.

The upper and lower edges of cover are fastened together by an easy buttonhole stitch, made with heavy cotton, first a long and then a short stitch. The yard of ribbon is passed over the center of the cover and tied in a bow on the outside. When the cover is open, slip the magazine under the ribbon, and it and the cover will remain firm friends.

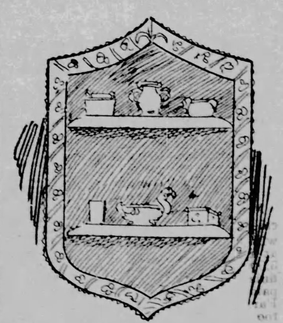
The word magazine may be written across the cover diagonally or otherwise. If further ornamentation is wanted, any conventional design or flower spray may be painted at top and bottom, on either side of the word "magazine."—Housekeeper.

Bric-a-Brac Shelves.

Cut a thin board in the shield shape shown in the illustration, having it about two feet wide and three feet long. Cover it smoothly with dark red or blue plush, and outline the edge with Dresden ribbon, two inches wide.

Cut two shelves just long enough to fit the back between the rows of ribbon, proportionately wide, and rounded at the corners. Cover these with the dark plush, lining them on the underside with silk, matching the color of the ribbon.

Fasten them in position with brads driven through the back piece into the edge of the shelf; cover the back smoothly with silesia to cover the nails



and put on screw rings to suspend from hooks driven firmly in the wall. If the shelves are to be permanently stationary, they may be made more secure by driving long, brass-headed nails directly through the back board to the wall.—Grisel Gaunt.

COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

"While we have the cherries, we do not think of the next winter."

And now when cherries are so abundant, let us enjoy them, and, perhaps, prepare some of them so we will be able to reverse the above saying and while we have next winter, we may be reminded of the cherries.

Spiced Cherries.

Into a porcelain kettle put three cupfuls of stoned cherries; one cupful of vinegar; one cupful of sugar; one table spoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one dessert spoonful of ground ginger. Boil till of the consistency of jam, and put away in glass jars, to eat with meats.

Hungarian Cherry Pie.

Make a rich paste and roll it quite thin, into a square sheet. Stone the cherries and stew them with plenty of sugar till they are quite soft and thick. Place a large spoonful of them in each corner of the paste, with little lumps of butter. Turn over the squares and repeat till it is small enough to place in a baking dish. Place a heaping spoonful of cherries, with butter and sugar, in the center of the pie and bake till the crust is done.

Faith is a flower which opens in the dark.
A song which skyward rises like the lark.
—Lisa A. Fletcher.

KATE FIELDS.

Something About Her Life and Character.

One of the very first of contemporary women's names that I remember in connection with the literature is that of Kate Field. A copy of her "Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings," came into my hands as long ago as 1868; and it gave me a thrill, for I had heard that she was a young woman (I suppose she was about 28 at the time) and the name of a young woman on the title page of a book seemed to me a great and glorious thing.

Many years after I met Miss Field and came to know her well. She was a woman who had her enemies, but she also had a great many friends. Her enemies were those who did not understand her; those who did understand her were her friends. She was peculiar, because it is peculiar to be plain-spoken; but she was one of the kindest-hearted women that I ever knew. If she had not been so kind-hearted she would have been better off, and she would not have had to work as hard as she did during the last years of her life.

When I first turned my attention to journalism with serious intent, I talked the matter over with Miss Field, as I suppose dozens of other young women had done before. She gave me good advice—and she gave me more. She gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who at once made me a position on the editorial staff of the Herald.

A good many years later Miss Field wanted to establish a paper of her own, and I was the first person whom she consulted in the matter. Here the tables were turned; she had given me my earliest advice, and now I was to advise her. I am afraid, however, that she did not follow all my advice when she established "Kate Field's Washington," for I told her that "money and a good business manager" were essential. Miss Field was aggressive, as most people with very decided opinions are; but she did not know how to take care of herself. Anybody could get the better of her in business matters, though she thought herself very shrewd.

She had left literature for a while and gone into a commercial enterprise known as the Co-operative Dress Association, which began in a blaze of glory and ended in bankruptcy. Miss Field being the greatest sufferer, for she had put time, money and a great deal of hard work into it.

She was a good musician, an accomplished linguist and an exceptionally clever woman. Although she was the daughter of actors, she did not inherit much of their dramatic talent. Perhaps if she had gone on the stage at an earlier age she might have made a good actress. But when she essayed the role of "Peg Woffington" in this city, she had been too long a lecturer to make a good player. As a lecturer she had the stage to herself; as an actress, she had to share it with others. Moreover, she could never sink her own individuality in that of the character she played. She was more successful in the musical monologue that she gave in the style of George Grossmith, which was a bright performance and deserved better success than it had.

It was as a newspaper correspondent that Miss Field shone to best advantage. She had a quick observation, a keen sense of humor and a facile pen. In the early days of her career there was no more popular newspaper writer in America. But towards the end she got worn out; she had worked too hard, and things had not gone well with her. The old snap and spirit were missing. But she worked on with as much energy as when she was young and strong.—Jeanette L. Gilder in the Critic.

OUR DREAMS OF LIGHT.

And should it be that all our dreams of light;
Our purposes to rise above dull care;
The vows that follow on the wings of prayer;
The higher hopes, that, like a skylark's flight,
Aye lift us to the radiance of God's sight,
And leave no blot nor stain upon the fair
Wide face of heaven or earth, yet must share
The doom of death, and end in blackest night.

Still, still 'twere worth our while to dream and pray,
And live, and choose as if the shining hour
Of high resolve might last and glow away
With love's own deathless, radiant power;
So rare the joy of breathing but one day
Within the light that never knows decay.
—William Henry Thorne.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Find in the Warm Weather No Hindrance to Their Meeting.

Subject for general discussion during July, sent by Miss Flora Culver, of Dawn, Mo., president of The Blade M. G. R.'s in Missouri: "What has been the effect of inventions on civilization?"

The M. G. R.'s will please take notice that this subject is for every one of them to think and write about. Those who have state presidents will send their opinions to them, while those in states having no president are to send directly to this office.

Eight new members were admitted to the M. G. R. to-day: Constantine, Pink Poppy, Golden Rod, Jasmine, Southerner, Quintina, Idler and Descoite.

June Girl forgot to bring her full name with her, and Trailing Arbutus wrote on both sides of her paper. Will they both try again, and will the latter please change her nom, as we already have a specimen of that choice posy in the circle?

Descoite:—Send 50 cents to The Blade, Toledo, O., and you will receive your badge.

Golden Rod:—Mr. R. M. Humphrey, Elk City, is the M. G. R. president in Pennsylvania. Addresses cannot be given in this column.

Lione:—Your private letter was greatly enjoyed.

Idler, Iowa:—"I am 24 years old, and like Rosebud, live on a farm, but always find time in the evening to read. If I am lucky enough to gain admittance to the circle give me a seat close by Pond Lily, as she speaks my sentiments exactly: a girl that is not afraid to work will always be respected."

Sorry to hear of your misfortune Idler.

Golden Rod, Pa.:—"If I may speak my mind, my sentiments are strongly against cycling for ladies. I think their time and strength was given for a better purpose; certainly no lady would dress and mount on a wheel as those do who wear bloomers."

Descoite, Tenn.:—"Will you welcome a stranger from E. Tennessee in your merry circle? I like the M. G. R. very much, and think it may accomplish much good if properly conducted; hustle up and let's have a good time. I will say more and run it to the point next time."

Quintina, Col.:—"Can any one tell me of a school or college where I can take an English course; that is, I wish to make a specialty of the English language; perhaps it would more properly be called a literary course. I have written to various institutions, but find it is necessary to take a full course, taking up many things besides English.

I have an idea about Household Pete's library, which I will send next time, though it may not be thought practicable."

Southerner, Texas:—"This being my first visit to the organization, I wish to give a brief description of myself and whereabouts. I am not very far from the gulf shore, and greatly enjoy the breezes therefrom. I am a young man, not married, and if New England Girl will allow me to join in that "hearty laugh" and congratulate her for her shrewdness in finding the boys to be 'old bachelors,' I shall endeavor not to give myself so 'completely away' as they did."

Pink Poppy, Ill.:—"Like Addie, I am a poor girl, and have to work. My mother is dead, and I keep house for papa. I like Chinook Wind's letters very much."

Constantine, Tenn.:—"There is a mountain near my home from whose crest I can see the borders of three states: Tennessee, N. Carolina and Georgia. I wish some of the M. G. R.'s who live on the wide prairies could see these grand old monuments of time, the mountains, that form a great wall along the borders of Tennessee and North Carolina.

On the sides of some of them are great mounds of stone, supposed to have been built by the Cherokee Indians who formerly roamed and hunted deer and bear in this region. I have found pieces of pipes, arrowheads, etc., near these mounds."

Jasmine, Ala.:—"My early home was in Wisconsin, but after teaching in the West for a year I came south and have become as much as is possible during my 10 months' stay here a Southern girl.

"I already love the pine and dogwood, with its white blossoms and red berries, and decorated the house for weeks in the winter with the holly and mistletoe. Spring-time is most delightful here; one can find such beautiful wild flowers, ferns and mosses; fruit also ripens as early as March.

"I have invested in a little place which I call my 'Old Maid's Paradise,' and have set out peach, plum, pear and apricot trees and grape-vines."

Lione, Mich.:—"I do not think I could get on with Make Haste at all. He is too much like the Dutchman, viz.: 'Yoomp twice and look back; speak dree dimes and den dink aloud id.' Virginia Rose, come away from those old hills and do not run so next time.

"Toddy, while your friend exhibited much tact in maintaining order, still she reflected no credit on her position relative to the church.

"I can appreciate you, Plow-boy, for my father is just so too, and I know that a handy man is a good thing to have around the house."

Hoosier Boy, Ind.:—"I have been out for a time, but have not been idle, as I have put in 12 acres of corn. Make Haste, watch yourself, for it seems to me you are catching it on all sides. I think Pond Lily's idea of a 'choice wife' is better than yours. Where has Dreamer gone? Now, I must go and plow potatoes; hurrah for the M. G. R.'s!"

W. E. A., Iowa:—"I want to say 'thanks' to those who agreed with me on the church choir question. I should have been glad to have had the other side presented, but maybe none of you were on the other side!

"Make Haste, I offer my undivided sympathy for the severe and unjust criticisms you have received, though I think you are quite capable of taking care of yourself. Of course, if you are an educated man, you will not want an ignoramus for a wife; I do not believe that two persons widely different in education and from different stations in life can be congenial companions for life."

Capt. Nemo, Mo.:—"It seems there is some clashing of opinions among us, but this only goes to show that there are thinkers within our ranks, who express their 'thinks' even if it is hot weather, knowing full well they will not spoil when brought under the icy glare of some of our members!

"Do not say I am throwing this at you; if you do, according to New England Girl's code of reasoning, we shall be compelled to encounter an iceberg in summer, but in winter it is the other way."

Snow-wreath, Pa.:—"Like Lena Rivers, I agree with U. B. that there should only be Christians in church choirs. Waterc-ss, I too prefer living in the country in the summer-time; my father owns a little farm at the base of the Allegheny Mountains, and I think it the nicest place of all. I belong to the L. A. S. and to the Missionary Society of the Reformed church, and think every church member should belong to both."

Trixie Dean, W. Va.:—"Make Haste, I echo your sentiments; you certainly could not enjoy life with an unchristian wife. I think also that unChristian people should be excluded from the church-choir, as otherwise an evil impression might be made upon the unconverted."

Addie, Ind.:—"Hurrah for McKinley! This city is almost wild; since the news was received at 5:20 p. m. every factory whistle and all the city bells have been blowing and ringing for joy, each vieing with the other in making the most noise. The men could not restrain themselves from shouting hurrah, and I felt like saying it too.

"I was born in the year Grant was re-elected, and so have a great deal of Republican zeal in me, and envy the boys who can participate in the rally. I will tell you some time of our 'Girl's Campaign Club' of four years ago.

"A working girl knows how to feel on the tariff question, since the cut-down of '93. I am proud of Wm. McKinley, not only because of his being the author of the workingman's bill, but for his sturdy Christian character.

"I have neglected writing, because I have been taking a vacation, but now I may make you sorry you inquired about me."

Forest, W. Va.:—"After due deliberation, helped by actual observation, I have finally concluded that educated women make the best wives.

"I mean those educated in their sphere as help-mates for men; not educated to a certain profession, unless she intends facing the battle of life alone.

"I hold that home is the woman's sphere, and to be able to fulfill her duties she must study the art (for it is not always a natural acquirement) of housekeeping.

She should give her home her chief attention, and cultivate all tastes relative to keeping it clean, cheerful and attractive; she should also learn how to manage economically, and give some attention to music, art, etc.

"Above all, she should keep herself clean, and seek to retain and develop all those qualities that won the affection and admiration of her husband: for a man cannot love a woman unless she makes herself a fit subject to be loved.

"When a woman has come into practical possession of these requirements she is educated in her sphere, which is more lofty and exalting than any masculine profession she might master.

"Some time ago New England Girl enumerated the various accomplishments she possesses, and while I admire and commend her for her many excellent requirements I hope she will excuse me for my seeming curiosity, if I ask if she has yet learned the art of housekeeping."

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, O., "M. G. R."

Useful Hints.

The favorite French way of cooking beets is by baking. They are placed in the oven on a bed of straw, covered with earthenware plates, and cooked from six to ten hours. "This method of cooking," says Miss Parloa, who is in France studying cooking, "makes a beet firm and tender and full of color and juice."

A quick way of making lemonade is from a syrup of lemon and sugar previously prepared. It takes but a short time to prepare sufficient for serving several times. The preparation is three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one tumbler of lemon juice. Dissolve the sugar in a tumbler of hot water. Put in jars and when needed add the cold water.

A pretty article for hanging beside the bureau to hold the button hook and other small articles is made of one of the wooden eggs used in stocking darning. At equal distances around the center screw in four of the small brass books such as are used on bangle boards, then paint the egg white and decorate with tiny flowers and attach a ribbon to two opposite hooks to hang it by. The egg may be gilded or painted, if preferred.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my own little one?
Our world belongs to that clock the sun.
Steady it spins; while the clock beats true
Days and seasons for me and you.
And tick-tick-tock! goes the mighty clock
While time swings on below.
Now left—now right; now day—now night
With a tick-tick to and fro.

The pussy-willow in coat of fur,
A sweet pink rose in the wood nettle;
A maple leaf with a crimson scroll,
Then falling snowflakes, and winter's pall—
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below.
Budding—blowing, shining—snowing—
With a tick-tock to and fro.

A little song when the heart is glad,
A little sigh when the way is sad,
Whether the shadow or sunshine fall,
Sweet rest and dreaming at night for all,
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Smiling—sighing, singing—crying—
With a tick-tock to and fro.

So this is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
And the hand that somewhere keeps the key
Is the same that holdeth you and me.
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.
—St. Nicholas.

DOCTOR BOBBY.

How He Set His Pet Duck's Broken Neck.

"She's jist 'zackly picked the bills off of four of 'em, broke this one's neck—or half broke it and shoved the other three out of the nest. There she stands scratching away like she hadn't hatched any eggs and had nothing to take care of!"

Robert Dare had tears in his bright brown eyes as he burst into his mother's sitting room carrying in his best Sunday cap a young duck, apparently just hatched.

"White hens never have any sense!" continued Bobby dolorously.

"Then," said his mother with a queer smile, "why did you trust old top-knot on ten duck eggs?"

Bobby couldn't answer for a moment. "Well mamma she had sense then, but she's not got it now, that's all," then he left his mother carrying the duck out to seek Margery, the cook's sympathy.

"It's gwine to die, throw it away," urged Margery.

"No I won't," affirmed Bobby. "Papa cures people and I'll cure this duck."

"You hold it Margret while I go shake that old hen and make her behave. She's took 'em now; I told her hen-step-mother's had to treat their children right; when I put her back in the box she settled right down as peaceable as a kitten. Yesterday I saw Papa set a boy's arm and now I am going to set this duck's neck."

"Jus' lis'n to de boy! Jus' lis'n! He'll be amputatin' de whol' house bime and by." Margaret pretended to be very much astonished.

"Pasteboard, I want pasteboard and cotton Margaret, and warm water—"

"La, now, honey I'll get 'em! Aint that chil' de beatenest boy in dis hyer town? Bum doctor, dat's wat he am."

Margaret was upstairs getting pasteboard and cotton and laughing to herself over "dat bressed chil's smartness."

The duck patient with its neck set was deposited in a basket of old rags behind the kitchen stove.

At the end of four days it was able to hold up its neck and injured neck and head without the pasteboard splint. Dr. Dare patted Bobby proudly on the head and called him "my young surgeon," while the patient grew and thrived better than any of his brothers or sisters. Old top knot could not go out to swim, but she stood chicking contentedly all that summer while her step-children frolicked in the water of the pond behind the house. When they would not come and scratch she would go off and leave them to follow at pleasure. She hovered her strange children until they were too large to hover and when she raised a brood of real chickens the two families roosted and lived in great harmoness together.

Doctor Bobby sold his ducks one fine October day because they quacked too loud and waked up a deaf old lady next door. They were very tame and would eat out of his hand, but Bobby decided that Mrs. Warner must not be wakened when she didn't want to be.

"If papa was a real good doctor he might cure that woman's ears and then she wouldn't have for ducks. I'll cure them some day," then Doctor Bobby put his money in his bank and went to the Land of Nod.

E. S. L. THOMPSON.

MEHITABLE HAS HER OWN WAY.

And Her Brother Lucius Tells the Young Folks How She Did It.

We all told her it wouldn't pay, and she'd be sorry for it, but she declared it would pay, and she shouldn't be sorry, so she did it, and it turned out just as she said.

Uncle Lijah says she always makes him think of one of these round-nosed horses, that know the most and work the best, and always have their own way if they can! Mehitable was just that way, so when she'd made up her mind to keep chickens, keep 'em she did.

She hired an old darkey to build the hen-house for her, but he failed to materialize after the first day, because she made him do his work over again once or twice, when it didn't suit her, so she got me and my chum to finish it. She sat on the fence and watched us all day, or we'd have left, too, for she was awful particular.

She had plenty of grit though, for a girl, and was bound to make chicken-raising pay, so she read lots of books about how to take care of them, and every day she gave them something that was good for them.

It was bad for us, though!

Once the Baptist minister came to our house just before dinner. It's kind of funny, but ministers most always do get to our house just about meal time.

This one was the finickinest man you ever saw; one of the sort that can't bear the smell of onions or cabbage or codfish or such. While he and ma were talking, there came the awfullest smell of onions all over the house, as if they were being boiled and fried and eaten raw at once.

Ma had just asked him to stay to dinner, but when he smelled that he went off in a hurry; said he'd like to stay, but he had another engagement!

He thought we had onions for dinner, but we hadn't; it was only "fetty" Mehitable was stewing to mix with the chicken feed!

Another time the Universalist minister was here; Ma's a Universalist, and Pa's a Baptist. After he'd been here a little while, he asked where Miss Mehitable was. I knew, so I went and fetched her; she came in with her big apron on, and smelling fearful of sulphur.

"I hope you'll excuse my perfume," she said, polite as you please. "I can hardly expect you to approve of it, or of what I have just been doing."

He was sweet on Mehitable, and he tried so hard to be polite to her that he almost lied; he said he didn't dislike the smell of sulphur very much; it was an excellent disinfectant, and the odor really was not disagreeable when one was accustomed to it.

"Well, I'm accustoming myself to it," she said; "I make a little purgatory of my own, once a week, so I can see what the real article is like."

He was

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

POLITICAL.

NEBRASKA REPUBLICANS.

An Enthusiastic Convention—Brisk Fight for Places.

Lincoln, Neb., July 1.—The Nebraska Republican state convention convened at 10:30. Much enthusiasm was manifested. George W. Collins, of Pawnee City, was made chairman. A committee on resolutions was appointed and the body adjourned until 2:30. The personnel of the resolutions committee indicates that the St. Louis platform will be adopted without a dissenting vote.

A warm fight has developed over the head of the ticket. A glance over the delegations as selected by the counties of the state reveals the most intricate political situation ever witnessed in politics in Nebraska. Out of the ninety counties in the state 28 counties are here with candidates for places on the ticket, and some of these counties are bringing more than one candidate. There are all told 32 aspirants for places on the ticket, and this number does not include candidates for the contingent justices of the supreme court, regent of state university or Presidential electors. MacColl, Meikeljohn and Moore are the leading candidates for first place. Lefft and C. L. Richards lead for lieutenant governor, and Piper will be renominated for secretary of state.

OHIO CAMPAIGN.

Will Begin Early and Be a Campaign of Education.

Columbus, O., July 2.—The work of preparation for the Republican state campaign has already begun. Chairman Kurtz, of the state central committee, can be found a portion of each day at the Third street headquarters. He has held several conferences with Secretary Matthews, and they have started to map out the line of work. It is the purpose to start in early and continue until the day of election.

The campaign is to be one of education along the lines of sound tariff and sound money. The best speakers who can be secured will expose the fallacies of free silver agitators. Mr. Kurtz is daily consulting with callers who are putting in early bids for meetings in their localities. This early interest in the campaign is surprising. Within the next few weeks a definite decision will be made as to the place of opening the campaign and the speakers for that occasion selected.

The literary department of the work will be a special feature this fall and the voters will have every opportunity of mastering the issues involved. The Democrats will not open headquarters until after the Chicago convention.

MINNESOTA REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Gov. Clough Renominated and the St. Louis Platform Indorsed.

St. Paul, Minn., July 2.—At the state Republican convention yesterday Governor David M. Clough was renominated on the first ballot, the vote standing: Clough, 874; John L. Gibbs, 79. For lieutenant governor, but one ballot was needed, resulting in John L. Gibbs receiving 773; C. F. Staples, 148; Andrew Grindeland, 223. Secretary of state, Albert Berg and State Treasurer August T. Koerner were nominated by acclamation. Then there came a lively contest for attorney general, two ballots being necessary before the present incumbent, Henry W. Childs, was renominated, the second ballot resulting: Childs, 587; W. B. Douglas, 182; Nate Kingsley, 187; B. D. Smith, 69; C. C. Haupt, 112. Following is the ticket:

For Governor—David M. Clough.
For Lieutenant Governor—John L. Gibbs.
For Secretary of State—Albert Berg.
For State Treasurer—August T. Koerner.
For Attorney General—Henry W. Childs.

After adopting a platform indorsing the St. Louis platform and indorsing the national candidates as well as the administration of state affairs, the convention adjourned.

THE M'LEAN BOOM.

Ohio Editor to Be Put In Nomination at Chicago.

Cincinnati, July 2.—That John R. McLean's name will be before the Chicago convention for the Presidential nomination became evident to-day when Lewis G. Bernard, his Cincinnati chief, admitted, said:

"McLean has been mentioned as a Presidential candidate because he is regarded as a strong exponent of silver. His Eastern friends would be glad to see him nominated. Hill, Whitney, Gorman and other Eastern Democrats have expressed themselves as more willing to vote for him than for any silver man. District of Columbia delegates are enthusiastic McLean men. He certainly would poll a stronger vote than any other man who has been suggested as a silver candidate. The idea that the McLean boom is only local is erroneous, for the matter has been taken up in many parts of the country, and I would not be surprised to see him run ahead of all who have been mentioned."

McLean will reach Chicago to-night.

ARKANSAS REPUBLICANS

Chose Hon. H. L. Remmel to Lead Their State Ticket.

Little Rock, Ark., July 1.—The Republican state convention met here this morning and at once began the selection of a state ticket. Hon. H. L. Remmel, was chosen candidate for governor by acclamation and accepted the nomination in a ringing speech. H. A. Reynolds of Madison county, was chosen as the nominee for secretary of state and Frank Mays, of Washington county, for auditor. The convention then took a recess until 2 o'clock.

BIG ODDS OFFERED ON M'KINLEY.

Wall Street Firm Willing to Wager $10,000 to $4,000 On His Election.

New York, July 3.—J. S. Bache & Co., are offering in the Stock Exchange $10,000 to $4,000 that McKinley will be the next President.

A. P. A. Said to Be Preparing Another Fight.

Boston, July 3.—Rev James B. Dunn, secretary of the national advisory board of the A. P. A. and the leader of the order in New England, in an interview says that the A. P. A. will try to down McKinley, and will support a silver man. Dr. Dunn declares that the major within twenty-four hours after giving a committee of the order to understand that he was in sympathy with A. P. A. principles, retracted and declared through the press of the country that he had seen no representative of the A. P. A.

He said the Prohibitionists, Nationalists and Populists are in sympathy with the A. P. A. and that this fact, together with the position that the laboring men throughout the country may take on the silver question, makes the election of the Republican ticket, dubious, should a silver man acceptable to the A. P. A. be nominated. Dr. Dunn added that Senator Teller was such a man.

ELECTROCUTION AFTER THIS.

Law Requiring Criminals to Be Killed by Electricity in Effect.

Columbus, O., July 2.—Commencing yesterday the execution of the death penalty by hanging in Ohio becomes a thing of the past, and the Buckeye state, following the lead of New York, will substitute electrocution, excepting so far as relates to persons already under sentence of death by the noose. The change has been brought about by a bill introduced in the upper house by Senator Jones, and championed in the assembly by Representative Reed. It provides that all murderers convicted after July 1, and sentenced to the death penalty shall be electrocuted, and infliction of the penalty must take place before sunrise on the day set by the sentence in court. The death chamber must be in the penitentiary.

WILL BOLT FREE SILVER.

Every Democratic Newspaper in New York City in Arms.

New York, July 1.—The Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune correspondent says: Every Democratic newspaper in New York city will bolt the party, if the Democratic convention at Chicago embodies in its platform a declaration for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. The Commercial-Tribune correspondent is able to make this statement on the highest authority, after a thorough personal investigation of the matter.

The immense financial interests of this city—interests so vast that the Populist mind does not seem capable of appreciating them—have made it the center of the movement in favor of maintaing the present financial standard. It is here appreciated, it is here that the necessity is plain, of paying and being paid in a dollar which does not depend on the stamp on its face for its value.

The are several newspapers here which have expounded Democratic doctrines for years. They are almost too well known to need mention. The World, owned by Joseph Pulitzer; Hearst's paper, the Journal; Dana's Sun and the Herald, whose distinguished proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, is known everywhere, as well as the Mugwump Post and Times, are among the number.

McDermott Says Bolt.

New York, July 1.—Allan L. McDermott, one of the delegates at large from New Jersey to the Chicago convention, has written a letter to the World in which he says:

If the Democratic national convention adopts a platform in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, it will be equivalent to putting on the party banner the legend, "This is a nation of bandits," and it will be the duty of every loyal citizen to give his unremitting efforts, not only to defeat the men nominated by that convention, but to do it by such an overwhelming vote as will enable American institutions to retain the respect of the civilized world.

When any political convention nails to the mast of the Democratic ship the black flag of piracy—when a platform is adopted that puts a premium on dishonesty—it will be the duty of those who are true to the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy to repudiate the candidates nominated by that convention.

THE STEWART ESTATE.

Another Claimant Who Says She is a Relative.

New York, July 1.—Another claimant for the Stewart millions has appeared. She is Mrs. Augusta Macesco, of Bucharest, the capital city of Roumania. If the story she tells can be substantiated by the records she is the next of kin to A. T. Stewart, the dead dry goods merchant, and legally entitled to a large part of his great fortune.

Mrs. Macesco arrived on Sunday from Paris on La Bourgogne, being a second cabin passenger. She brought with her letters of introduction from M. Valois, an American lawyer who is counsel to the American embassy in Paris, and from the United States consul general in Paris. The letters were addressed to Corporation Counsel Scott and his law partner, Mr. Griffin, who were requested to take up the woman's claim.

Mrs. Macesco was born in Paris, and speaks several languages, but her knowledge of English is limited.

She is the daughter of James Stewart and Eliza Wharton Stewart, American citizens, and she was born in Paris in 1844. These facts are proved, she says, by a well attested copy of the records of her birth. Her claim is that her father was a brother of A. T. Stewart, and her mother a daughter of A. T. Stewart's brother-in-law and Paris agent, Mr. Wharton.

The story she tells of her birth is romantic. Yet there are circumstances which seem to give it strong corroboration. The wife of A. T. Stewart was Cornelia Clinch, whose father was for many years deputy collector of the port of New York. A sister of Mrs. Stewart married Mr. Wharton, who represented the Stewart interests in Paris. A. T. Stewart had no children, but his brother-in-law had several.

Mrs. Macesco says that as far as she can learn there was an estrangement between the brothers before her father's death, the reason for which she has not been able to learn. It was on this account, she thinks, that she was not brought to this country, but was left in France.

Despite Mrs. Stewart's sworn statement that her husband had no relatives, a host of claimants to her husband's fortune sprang up, both before and after her death.

Some of them were proved to be impostors; with others ex-Judge Hilton effected a compromise, it is said. Some of the claims against the estate are still pending. None of the claimants professed to be as near of kin as Mrs. Macesco.

Most of the Stewart estate is in the hands of ex-Judge Hilton. It comprises much valuable property in New York city and elsewhere. The Stewart building at No. 280 Broadway; the building occupied by Hilton, Hughes & Co., in upper Broadway; the old Stewart mansion, and the Park avenue hotel, all belong to the Stewart estate. In addition there is considerable property in Saratoga; also in Garden City, where a memorial chapel was erected, after the body of A. T. Stewart had been stolen from its resting place in St. Mark's churchyard at Second avenue and St. Mark's place.

THOUSANDS OF WORKERS.

They May Become Involved in a Strike Which is Being Planned.

New York, July 1.—The brotherhood of tailors and the finishers, basters, cutters and trimmers of the several local unions in affiliation with the United Garment Workers of America are planning a strike which may involve thousands of workers. The claim is made that the contractors have made a 45 per cent reduction in the wage scale, besides compelling men and women to work longer hours. Many of the labor leaders are of the opinion that a gigantic strike will be precipitated at the end of this week. It is generally admitted that the only reason for postponing the strike is dull business.

A well attended meeting of the workingmen interested in the clothing trades was held last night. Speeches advocating a strike were loudly applauded. A special committee was appointed to draft a form of agreement. It and the general scope of the campaign will be submitted to a joint meeting of the brotherhood to be held next Saturday. From this it is inferred that 15,000 men may receive orders to quit work the first of next week.

SHREWD ROBBERY.

Extensive Fraud Worked On the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

Chicago, July 1.—Officials of the Chicago & Alton road have just discovered that a gang of employes, among them passenger train conductors and station agents, working with Pullman car porters, have robbed the railway company of $15,000.

Subsequent investigation into the steal has been made to show a conspiracy and thus far three conductors and two station agents have lost their positions.

The company is making all plans for the criminal prosecution of the offenders.

The steal was accomplished through co-operation of a station agent and the passenger conductors on tickets from Springfield to Chicago. The scheme for the robbery was for the conductor of the train which leaves Springfield for Chicago at noon to take up, but not punch the tickets sold at the Springfield office for the noon train. The meeting point of this train with the St. Louis train which leaves Chicago at 9 o'clock in the morning is about half way between Chicago and Springfield. The conductor of the Chicago train would see the conductor of the St. Louis train at the meeting point and give him the bunch of tickets he had taken up. The conductor of the St. Louis train arriving at Springfield at 4 o'clock, it is said, would hand over the bunch of tickets to the ticket seller at Springfield and he would sell them again to passengers for the evening or night train. The tickets, although used twice were good on the stamp of one day's limit.

Say They Will Fight.

London, July 6.—A Cairo dispatch to the Daily Telegraph says it is reported there that there are 20,000 Mahdists in Dongola, and that they are resolved upon fighting.

TELLER'S OVATION.

The Bolter Given a Great Reception at Denver.

Denver, July 2.—Senator Henry M. Teller on arriving in Denver last evening was met by a great outpouring of people from all parts of the state. The demonstration was non-partisan, and it is doubtful if the scenes of enthusiasm have been paralleled in Western history.

The run from Cheyenne to Denver was marked by a succession of ovations at the towns which the train passed.

The explosion of a bomb at the Union depot at 8 p. m. announced the distinguished statesman's arrival. The streets were jammed with people. Immense flags and pennants, pictures of the senator and banners of welcome were everywhere displayed. Half the individuals in the crowd waved small white flags on which were printed portraits of the senator.

An immense parade was already formed. Military and civic and labor organizations made up the procession and the Teller Silver club, 2,000 strong, was in line. As the senator stepped from the train there went up a mighty shout. The roar of human voices drowned the noise of the bombs. Six hundred people from Gilpin county, Senator Teller's home, who had camped at the station the greater part of the afternoon, rushed pell mell after him waving flags and shouting vociferously. A carriage was in waiting and after much effort the senator reached it. Preceded by an escort of the Denver City cavalry, Colorado National Guards, the carriage moved slowly up town, the parade bringing up the rear. The carriage was drawn by six white horses, but had not proceeded four blocks before it was descended on by 500 young men who detached the animals, tied a long rope to the pole and dragged the vehicle the remainder of the way themselves. Along the line of the procession the senator was tendered a continuous ovation. At Seventeenth street and Broadway he reviewed the parade. His appearance on the reviewing stand in company with the Colorado delegates who bolted with him from the national convention at St. Louis was made the occasion for a general demonstration among the 30,000 people assembled before him. After the parade had passed Governor McIntyre welcomed the senator on behalf of the state, and Mayor McMurray on behalf of the city. Judge H. R. Bennett, representing the Colorado pioneers, who had participated in the street gathering, presented him with a silver token. Senator Teller's remarks to the crowd were brief and mainly local.

MRS. STOWE DEAD.

Demise of the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Hartford, Conn., July 1.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe died at noon. Members of the family were at her bedside. She was stricken with congestion of the brain and paralysis last Friday. Monday she was compelled to take her bed and rapidly grew worse and yesterday afternoon became unconscious.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, the sixth child of Rev. Lyman Beecher, one of the ablest and most noted divines of his time. He was active intellectual worker and consequently his children grew up in an atmosphere surcharged with mental and moral enthusiasm. Under such circumstances it is not surprising to find a bright and thoughtful child of twelve years writing a school composition on the profound theme, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved From the Light of Nature?" The writer took the negative side of the question and argued with wonderful power and originality for a child. In 1832 she moved to Cincinnati with her father, where Dr. Beecher assumed the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary. In 1836 she married Mr. Stowe. During her residence in Cincinnati she frequently visited the slave states, and acquired the acute knowledge of Southern life that was so conspicuously displayed in her subsequent writings. Fugitive slaves were frequently sheltered in her house and assisted by her husband and brothers to escape. During the riots in 1836, when free negroes were hunted like wild beasts through the streets of Cincinnati, only the distance from the city and the depths of mud saved Lane Seminary and the Yankee Abolitionists at Walnut Hills from a like fate.

In 1850 she removed with her husband to Brunswick, Me., where he had been called to a professorship in Bowdoin College. In her anti-slave fight, Mrs. Stowe resolved to make people realize what slavery meant, and as a result of this determination, wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. This book had a wonderful sale, and was translated in more than a dozen foreign languages. It also brought about a bitter controversy, and Mrs. Stowe was made the subject of much abuse and recrimination. The book lived and its influence was powerfully felt. Many other able works are the fruit of Mrs. Stowe's pen, but Uncle Tom's Cabin was the one that brought her most fame and endeared her to the hearts of every patriotic and liberty loving citizen.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Michigan Supreme Court On Local Option Elections.

Lansing, Mich., July 1.—An important decision was rendered by the Supreme Court yesterday afternoon regarding the construction of the local option law, a mandamus being granted compelling the Hillsdale board of supervisors to submit the proposition to set aside the operation of the law in that county to a vote of the people. The board had refused to call an election, claiming that such action could not be taken within two years from a previous vote on the proposition. The court holds that the preliminaries to the previous election may all be carried out within two years from a previous election, but that the election itself must not be held until the full period of two years required by the law has expired.

FORTUNE OF A WISCONSIN GIRL.

Typesetter Receives $40,000 Cash From a Little Investment.

West Superior, Wis., July 1.—Miss Fannie McKinnon, who for a year and a half has operated one of the linotype machines in the Evening Telegram office, has unexpectedly become possessed of a snug little fortune of $40,000. She has an uncle in British Columbia, who about ten years ago induced her to invest a small portion of her savings in gold mining stock. She recently went to visit her uncle, and to-day telegraphed her sister in this city that she had sold her stock for $40,000 cash.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Cheyennes Holding Pow Wows and Putting On War Paint.

Chicago, July 1.—A special to the Record from Helena, Mont., says: The Cheyenne Indians have donned their war paint and are holding pow pows, preparatory to a general uprising. Several troops of the Tenth Cavalry have been ordered from Fort Custer to the Cheyenne agency, at Lame Deer, Custer county, Mont.

The Cheyennes have been unusually indolent and ill-tempered this spring and their depredations upon the cattle and stock of the white settlers have been more extensive than they have been for a number of years, and evidently committed in a spirit of pure maliciousness.

TWO CHINESE MAIDENS

Graduates of the University, They Will Remain Another Year.

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 1.—The two Chinese girl graduates, Ida Kahn and Mary Stone, do not expect to return immediately to their native country, but will do another year of college work, probably at the University of Chicago. In China they will be made part of the staff of one of the hospitals managed by the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal church. Both speak English with surprising accuracy and fluency.

DON. M. DICKINSON.

Chief Counsel for Uncle Sam in Bering Sea Arbitration.

Detroit, Mich., July 1. — News has been received from Washington that Don M. Dickinson has been asked to act as chief counsel for the United States in the arbitration with Great Britain on the Bering Sea awards. Mr. Dickinson refused to talk about the matter last night, but it is believed the report is authentic.

SATOLLI'S SUCCESSOR.

Report That It Will Be Bishop Falconio, Formerly of New York.

Rome, July 6.—According to a newspaper statement, Bishop Falconio, now of Acerenza, Italy, but who was for several years professor of philosophy and later president of St. Bonaventure college at Allegany, N. Y., will be Cardinal Satolli's successor as papal representative in the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A CRY FOR HELP

Goes Up From Starving Women and Babes.

New York, July 1.—A dispatch to the Herald from Athens says: Deputy Scouloudi, a friend of the king, and minister marine under Tricoupis, has asked the Herald to express the wish of all Greeks that the United States government should send a ship—say the San Francisco—to aid the starving fugitives, women and children. There are 5,000 at Gonia, and 7,000 at Point Plata. The women are so weakened by exposure and lack of food that they can no longer suckle their children, who are dying by hundreds. M. Scouloudi says that the Americans are the only people who cannot be suspected of having any ulterior motives, therefore the only people who can undertake this great humanitarian work without exciting jealousy and disagreement.

It may be called to mind that in 1868 Admiral Farragut took off the women and children under similar circumstances, when Mr. Seward was secretary of State. When remonstrated with on that occasion by anti-Pacha, Mr. Morris, the United States minister at Constantinople made the noble reply:

"When we Americans undertake an act of humanity, we don't ask the advice of any one."

Deputy Scouloudi says that these people are dying or are in imminent danger of death or massacre. "We are not asking money," said he, "but humanitarian aid."

REBELLION IN BOLIVIA.

South Americans Have a New War On Hand.

Lima, Peru, July 2, via Galveston, Texas.—Dispatches received here from Lapaz, capital of Bollvia, announce that a revolution has broken out at Sucre (Chuquisaca), an important city which was the capital of Bolivia until 1869. Sucre is the capital of the department of Chuquisaca, and has a population of about 30,000, the great body of which are Indians. The department of Chuquisaca has a population numbering over 350,000. The city of Chuquisaca is situated on a small plateau above the Rio de la Plata, and immense treasures were formerly carried across the river at that point, hence the Indian name of Choque Saca, i. e., "Bridge of Gold," from which the town is supposed to have derived its name.

No details are given in regard to the uprising at Chuquisaca, but for some time past the disturbances have been growing on account of the government's alleged fraudulent changing of the result of the elections favoring Col. Pando for President of Bolivia. In May last Col. Pando was declared elected president in succession to Senor Marlano Baptista, whose term of four years expires on August 6 of the present year.

BALLOONS TO AID CUBA.

Bitter Enemy of Spain Proposes to Exhibit a New War Contrivance.

New York, July 3.—Louis Jardinas, who is stopping at No. 457 West Thirty-fourth street, recently came from Cuba to put himself in touch with the members of the local delegation of patriots in respect to a new method of warfare which he hopes to put into use.

It has occurred to Mr. Jardinas that as the Cubans have not been successful in entering the city of Havana and other important places by ordinary means, such places could be attacked from an elevation, and the idea of constructing war balloons and taking them south is now being strongly argued by him.

TROUBLE BREWING.

Spanish Warship After the Steamer Three Friends.

Key West, Fla., July 6.—The steamer Three Friends passed here at 9 a. m. pursued by the Spanish warship Alfonso XII. Both vessels were under full steam, the Three Friends was between eight and ten miles ahead of the warship. It has been stated by those observing the race that the warship fired upon the Three Friends. The warship is cutting the three-mile limit very close and trying to head off the Three Friends. It is reported that the United States warship Maine and and United States cutters are now getting up steam preparatory to intercepting both vessels. Great excitement prevails here.

BEET SUGAR.

Spreckels About to Establish a Monster Plant in California.

Paris, July 1.—It is learned that Claus Spreckels, the sugar magnate, who is now here from Germany, where he has been investigating the beet sugar industry, intends establishing a colossal beet exploitation in California and reckons to turn out 400,000 tons daily. His railway, which is being constructed in opposition to the Southern Pacific, will run to his beet plantations.

TURKISH SOLDIERS STRIKE.

Refuse to Go to Crete Without Pay.

New York, July 1.—A dispatch to the Herald from Cairo, says: Two Turkish battalions at Yedah, who have received no pay since 1894, refuse to leave for Crete, and have barricaded themselves in the mosque. It is stated on high authority that the Khedive intends leaving for Europe within ten days on his private yacht, touching first at Corfu and Philipolis.

ENTERTAINS IN ROYAL MANNER.

Countess Castellane Spends $100,000 of American Money in a Fete.

Paris, July 3.—The Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, of New York, gave an elaborate fete yesterday. It was somewhat marred by a heavy rain, keeping many persons at home and causing other guests to withdraw early. Three thousand invitations were issued for the affair, and it is said $100,000 was spent for the entertainment of the guests.

FOUGHT A BATTLE.

Cretan Insurgents Win an Important Engagement.

Athens, July 3.—The Cretan insurgents defeated the Turks on Wednesday between Kisamo on the Northwestern coast on the island of Crete and Selino, on the southern coast, killing 200 of them and capturing three of their cannon. The Turks were advancing to raise the siege of Kaudano, in which 1,600 Turkish troops are besieged by the rebels.

QUIET IN GUATEMALA.

Troops Make a Good Showing in a General Review.

Guatemala, July 6.—The troops have returned from the frontier, and absolute quiet now prevails throughout the country. The general army review was one of the grandest sights ever seen here and President Barrios was enthusiastically cheered by the populace.

SEALING SCHOONER OVERHAULED

The Sitka Caught Operating Without a Special License.

Victoria, B. C., July 3.—The steamer Topeka arrived from the north, bringing details of the first seal seizures of the season. Officers of the Rush boarded the sealing schooner Sitka, of Yakutat and confiscated fifteen skins for failure to produce a special sealing license.

STANLEY'S CONDITION.

A Serious Relapse Has Alarmed His Friends.

London, July 6.—Henry M. Stanley, who has been seriously ill for some time past, had another relapse this morning. It followed a slight improvement yesterday evening and is causing anxiety to his friends.

CHOLERA IN EGYPT.

There Were 3,598 Deaths Out of 4,419 Cases in June.

London, July 3.—A dispatch from Cairo to the Daily News says that the cholera returns for June show 4,419 cases and 3,598 deaths.

Russia Gets a Concession.

St. Petersburg, July 3.—The Novosti announces that Russia has obtained absolute freedom of trade in northern China.

MONUMENT TO DAVIS.

Impressive Scene at the Laying of the Corner Stone.

Richmond, Va., July 3.—The corner stone of the monument to be erected in Monroe Park to the memory of Jefferson Davis was laid yesterday afternoon with ceremonies that were impressive and pathetic. Under a bright sun and sky, through densely packed streets, and with the applause of countless thousands to cheer them on, the followers of the lost cause marched yesterday in the city which is dearer to the old Confederates than any other in the land. It was a sight to stir the enthusiasm of the most sluggish nature, as with bands playing, companies moving and colors flying the parade passed in review. The chief marshal, General Gordon, in civilian dressed, looked a royal commander, as did Governor O'Ferrall, who rode with bared head. Mrs. Jefferson Davis was in an open carriage and bowed and smiled as the cheers greeted her on every side. The military represented the pick of Southern soldiers. South Carolina was the first to exhibit a tattered battleflag, and as it fluttered in the breeze it was greeted with cheers.

The veterans made a pathetic scene in the picture. Most of them are old, and mostly feeble, but summoning their remaining strength, they marched with pride and pleasure.

It was a grand parade, and a great spectacle, one not likely to be seen again for years.

AUSTIN CORBIN'S WILL.

His Estate, Valued at Many Millions, Goes Entirely to Relatives.

River Head, L. I., July 3.—The will of Austin Corbin was field for probate yesterday afternoon. The children and grandson are equally provided for. None of the heirs appeared. There will be no contest. The will is a very bulky document, and in it the testator gives to his widow, Hannah M. Corbin, homestead property at Babylon, with all its appurtenances absolutely. In the Fifth avenue property in New York, the widow is to have a life interest. To her also is bequeathed the sum of $300,000 in cash. The children, Isabella C. Edgell, Austin Corbin, jr., and Annie Corbin, are each given $150,000 in cash, while Miss Corbin receives an additional bequest of $6,000 for the purpose of a residence. To Austin Corbin, jr., is bequeathed the interest of the deceased in the Corbin Banking company. The codicil, executed in 1893, after the death of the deceased daughter of Mr. Corbin, Mrs. Mary C. Champillion, gives her interest to her son, Andre, for life, with the remainder to his children. By the original provisions of the will Mrs. Champillion shared equally in the estate with her brother and sisters. The balance of the estate, including the holdings of stock in the Long Island Railroad company and other corporations in which Mr. Corbin was interested, and real estate in New Hampshire and the West is given to the executors in trust to hold during the life of Mrs. Corbin. After her death it is to be divided share and share alike, among the children and grandson, with additional power to the executors to hold and manage each share during the lifetime of the legatee.

LINSEED OIL TRUST.

Steps Taken to Bring About Concerted Action.

New York, July 3.—Sharp competition in the linseed oil trade has brought the price down to such a low level that steps are now being taken for the formation of a big combination, which shall include, if possible, all of the large manufacturers and dealers in the country.

Several informal conferences have been held and the main points of the proposed organization have been discussed. The chief difficulty that has been encountered is to keep within the limit of the anti-trust law. The first move would probably be to advance the price of linseed oil at least five cents a gallon. It is now 37 cents.

It is suggested that an executive board be appointed, which shall have exclusive control of prices. Besides the National Linseed Oil company, which owns thirty-seven mills twenty-seven independent mills have been represented at the conferences. Among them were the National Lead company, Dean Linseed Oil company and the Campbell & Thayer company.

VALKYRIE REPORTED SOLD.

Lord Dunraven's Yacht Said to Have Been Purchased.

New York, July 6.—It is reported around Erie Basin that Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie has been sold to parties in San Francisco, and that she may soon sail around Cape Horn. It is known that unusual activity has been displayed on board her, and that with the exception that she is not provisioned she is ready for sea. Captain Metcalf, an old White Star commander in the company's San Francisco-China trade, is said to be the purchasing agent. On Thursday last Captain Metcalf and H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's American representative, visited the Valkyrie at Erie Basin and went all over the vessel. After their departure work was immediately begun on her. Who Captain Metcalf acted for is not known.

FATALLY HURT BY A CYCLIST.

Woman Run Down in Philadelphia Has Her Skull Fractured.

Philadelphia, July 6.—A shocking bicycle accident happened here Saturday when Stanley Jones, a traveling salesman from Pittsburg, ran over and fatally injured Mrs. Reba Sheldon, aged 28. Jones was riding down Broad street, near the city hall, when Mrs. Sheldon and a companion were crossing the street. Jones was accompanied by two men and a girl. His wheel struck Mrs. Sheldon at full speed, knocking her down. Her head struck the pavement, fracturing her skull. She is dying at the hospital. Jones was thrown badly, but escaped injury. He has been locked up.

GOOD THING FOR SMITH.

Parisian Expresses Urgent Desire to Procure Their Present Address.

New York, July 6.—A Parisian, who is evidently unacquainted with the productiveness of our marvelous country, has inserted the following advertisement in the New York Herald: "The Smith family, living in the United States, is requested to send present address to Coronjat, 19 Rue St. Peres, Paris. Urgent." The Smith family's address is known to be diffused over a good deal of territory at the present time, but there seems to be a good thing for them up Coronjat's sleeve, the sooner they get together and appoint an ambassador the better it will be for the state of the poor relations.

THEY LOVE SPORT.

If They Can't Get It One Way They Can Another.

Minneapolis, July 7.—A serious accident occurred last night in connection with the six day's woman's bicycle race at the Twin City cycle track. About 5,000 people had gathered to see the finish of a close contest and they had paid an extra admission fee. Dottie Farnsworth, one of the contestants, was too ill to ride, and when this announcement was made to the crowd, the riot ensued. The crowd tore up the track, broke the seats, smashed all the glass and threw stones at each other, as well as using clubs. It was two hours before order was restored.

AN OLD FORTY-NINER.

Death of J. C. McKibbin at Washington.

Washington, July 3.—Mr. J. C. McKibben, a California forty-niner, and a former member of Congress from that state, died here. He was well known to public men. He had lived in Washington for many years and made considerable money in the steamboat excursion business.

Spaniards Talked Saucy.

London, July 6.—A dispatch from Madrid to the Daily Mail says that in the Spanish Senate on Saturday Generals Calleja and Pando were very bitter in their expressions against the United States. The former gentleman declared that the conduct of the United States in protecting the Cuban rebels was most treacherous.

Mon! Do not despair. Read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8.

WASHINGTON.

THE DEVIL'S AGENT.

Woman's Rescue Agent Starts Crusade Against the Bicycle.

Washington, July 3.—The Woman's Rescue league intends to begin a national crusade against the use of the bicycle by women. There are fully 40,000 bicyclists in Washington, and 15,000 are women. Next week there will be a bicycle parade here in which 40 000 wheelmen are expected to participate.

Miss Charlotte Smith, president of the league has achieved considerable notoriety on account of her effort in the lobby of Congress to secure legislation to protect fallen women. She has been in the city about two months, and in that period has devoted herself exclusively to bettering their condition.

Miss Smith has issued the following remarkable circular:

Calls Bicycling Immoral.

"Whereas, The alarming increase of immorality among young women in the United States is most startling to those who have investigated the subject;

"Whereas, A great curse has been inflicted upon the people of this country because of the present bicycle craze, and if a halt is not called soon, 75 per cent of the cyclists will be an army of invalids within the next ten years.

"Whereas, Immoderate bicycling by young women is to be deplored, because of evil associations and opportunities offered by cycling sports;

"Whereas, Bicycling by young women has helped to swell the ranks of reckless girls, who finally drift into the standing army of outcast women of the United States more than any other medium;

The Wheel the Devil's Agent.

"Whereas, 'Bicycle runs for Christ,' by the so-called Christians, should be properly termed 'bicycle runs for Satan,' for the bicycle is the devil's advance agent, morally and physically, in thousands of instances. Therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the Woman's Rescue league denounce bicycle riding by young women because of producing immoral associations, both in language and dress, which have a tendency to make woman not only unwomanly, but immodest as well.

"Resolved, That the Woman's Rescue league petition all true women and clergymen to aid in denouncing the present bicycle craze by women as indecent and vulgar.

"Resolved, That copies of these resolution be sent where they will do the most effective good for the cause of purity and morality."

OF INTEREST TO PENSIONERS.

Decisions Rendered Establishing Many New Points.

Washington, July 3.—Many new points in the adjudication of pension claims are established in decisions rendered by Assistant Secretary Reynolds, secretary of the interior department. All the cases came up on appeal from the pension bureau. Following is a summary of the new rulings:

The widow of an additional paymaster is pensionable under section 3, act of June 27, 1890.

Where shown that a soldier was sound at enlistment, and died in regimental hospital of disease, the exact character and nature of the disease not being shown, the testimony being conflicting, it will be presumed, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that he died of disease contracted in the service and line of duty.

Death resulting from the morphine habit, though contracted by using the drug to relieve pain caused by a malady contracted in the service and line of duty, on the soldier's own responsibility, cannot be accepted as due to service in the line of duty.

Where a pension granted to a widow on account of a minor child of her deceased husband has been terminated because the child had attained its sixteenth year, and the child has been continuously since its sixteenth year, insane, idiotic or otherwise permanently helpless, pension may be allowed it subject to the right as minors of other children of the deceased father to participate with it in such pension during their minority, after the termination of the widow's right to pension from the date of filing application therefor, subsequent to June 27, 1890, upon proof of its trouble.

Provision is made to prevent loss of pension by mistakes in application. It is held, under the famous June 27 act, that the pension must commence from the date of the filing of the original application, provided pensionable disability is proved. In the case of C. B. Cuchess, a Michigan veteran, Judge Reynolds says in sustaining the right of the pensioner under the June 27 act, to receive a pension under the geural law, the former providing sufficient guard against double payment:

"Wherever the act of June 27 1890, is employed it must be to the soldier's benefit. And since that benefit is liable to suffer defeat through the use of section 4713, revised statutes, to compel an election by the pensioner, such action being plainly repugnant to the act designed to convey benfit to the pensioner cannot be employed."

THE WILSON LAW.

End of the Year Shows a Big Deficit.

Washington, July 1.—The third full year of the Cleveland administration closed last evening. It has been a period of almost unexampled financial depression, and the Democratic party, with Mr. Cleveland at its head, has plunged the government into debt at the tremendous rate of $46,000,000 a year.

The total deficit in the revenues for the year will amount to about $25,500,000. These figures are approximate only. It will be several days before an exact statement can be made, for the reason that detailed reports of receipts for the closing days have yet to be made. The receipts from all sources except the postal service for the fiscal year will foot up about $326,500,000. The expenditures for all purposes, including the deficiency in the postal revenues, will amount to a little less than $352,000,000. The receipts for the year exceed those of the previous year by about $13,000,000. Last year the deficit was $42,805,223. The deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, was still larger, amounting to $69,803,260.

Owing to the new bond issue there was an increase of over $4,000,000 in the interest payments over the previous fiscal year. There was also an increase of over $2,000,000 in expenditures on account of Indians. Expenditures were decreased for all other objects.

That there has been no improvement is attributed by treasury officials largely to the unsettled state of public and private business due, as they believe, largely to the agitation of the silver question and the want of confidence arising from the fear that the silver agitators might be able to attain their object and put the country upon a silver basis.

SERUM TREATMENT.

Successfully Used for Diphtheria in Berlin.

Washington, July 2.—Thomas Moore, United States commercial agent at Weimar, has transmitted to the State Department exhaustive statistics to prove the value of the serum treatment of diphtheria as applied in Germany. In the case of one of the largest of the Berlin hospitals he shows that while the number of cases of diphtheria had steadily increased and the percentage of deaths had kept pace with the increase until the introduction of the serum during the two years in which the treatment has been followed the mortality has fallen away in a most satisfactory manner.

GOOD FEELING.

Venezuelans Are Very Friendly to United States.

Washington, July 1.—Senor Andrade, jr., son of the Venezuelan minister, has returned from a month in Venezuela. He says the spirit of friendship for this country is very marked. The American colony at Caracas has grown of late to large proportions, and United States capital is being extensivxely invested. Among the Americans President Crespo is much liked, and the most cordial relations exist between them. The syndicate of capitalists from this country which secured large concessions along the Orinoco, is pushing its work, locating plants and assembling machinery at the most desirable points. Mr. Donald Grant, head of the syndicate returned with Mr. Andrade after a visit of inspection.

The sentiment in the interior is shown by the determination of Governor Andrade, of the state of Miranda, to erect a column at the state capital on July 4, in honor of the Americans who aided Venezuela in 1806. The governor is a brother of the minister here and his action is in line with that of the general government, which will dedicate a bronze column on July 4 to American heroes.

HUNTING FOR GOLD.

**Reports From the Government Geological Survey

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Senator Daniel is Made Temporary Chairman.

Chicago, July 7.—The gathering thousands besieged the entrances and acres of seats, which stretched away in every direction in the vast and airy Coliseum, until half an hour before noon. Even the delegates were prevented from entering. Gov. Altgeld, at the head of the Illinois delegation, approached a burly policeman who guarded one of the doors. Even threats failed to shake the sturdy official, who was under iron-clad orders from the sergeant-at-arms. There was almost a riot among the crowds and if the angry

REV. E. M. STIRES,
The Episcopal Minister Who Opened the Convention With Prayer.

populace could have placed their hands on the sergeant-at-arms, they would have made short work of him. When at last the entrances were thrown open, the delegates and crowds poured through them in black streams which separated and ran in rivulets through the wilderness of seats, and filled them rapidly. Five minutes after the doors were opened, the band on the speakers' stand, struck up a lively medley of Southern airs, prominent among which was the stirring "Dixie," but only a few of the spectators who were rushing breathlessly in, stopped to applaud it.

One of the first of the leaders to enter was Senator Jones, of Arkansas. He stood at the staff of his state greeting all who approached him cordially and good naturedly. Gov. Altgeld came over and held an earnest conversation with the leader of the silver forces. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, one of the managers of the Bland boom, who looks like an animated Uncle Sam, and who is affectionately known in his own state as "Old Gentle Sass," the poorest man in the United States Senate," with his colleague Senator White, of California, were the next prominent arrivals. Senator Harris, the famous Tennessee octogenerian, who rules the Senate with a rod of iron, and who has been a most conspicuous man in Tennessee for 40 years, came in hot and perspiring, after his tussle with the minions of the law at the entrance.

At 11:50, one of the Bland bands entered the south entrance playing "Dixie." This caused the first burst of enthusiasm, and the air was greeted with a whirl of cheers. When the air was shifted to "Columbia," the huzzas were renewed. The pit rapidly filled, but it was generally remarked that the Eastern gold delegations were extremely slow in arriving. It was just noon when the first Empire state delegate took his seat in the person of Frederick R. Coudert, and ex-Major Grant, a combination of the reform and Tammany Democrats. Among the silver Republicans and Populist leaders who were in places of advantage to watch the course of the proceedings, was Jerry Simpson, the sage of Medicine Lodge.

Short after 12, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hill walked up the center aisle followed by most of the New York delegation, but the great Empire state delegation, which is usually received with salvos of cheers in a Democratic convention, took their places in silence. Hill was loudly cheered as he entered. He was the first man to be given such reception to-day. Senator Hill says it is absolutely sure that he will not be elected temporary chairman.

At 12:50 Chairman Harrity called the convention to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Stires.

Chairman Harrity announced Hon. David B. Hill for temporary chairman amid great applause. Mr. Clayton, of Alabama, on behalf of the silver men, named Senator Daniel as a substitute for the name of Mr. Hill. Thomas, of Colorado, spoke for Daniel and McDermott, of New Jersey, and Waller, of Connecticut, for Hill. Mr. Waller suggested Hill for temporary chairman, and Daniel for permanent chairman.

Eloquent leaders on both sides discussed the question pro and con and at times the talk was bitter and almost personal. The speakers were frequently interrupted by applause, cheers and

SENATOR DANIEL,
Temporary Chairman of the Democratic National Convention.

hisses from the floor and galleries and there was much confusion during the whole time of the debate. It was evident that the gold men were simply talking against time according to their programme to prolong the convention as much as possible. Finally, after 3 o'clock the roll call was ordered and the substitute report making Daniel the temporary chairman was adopted by the following vote—ayes 552, nays 343.

This was a straight test vote for the silver and gold factions and shows that while the silver forces have a good majority, they lack 53 votes of having two-thirds of the convention.

HOBART NOTIFIED.

Now Certain That He Was Nominated at St. Louis.

Paterson, N. J., July 7.—The committee appointed by the national Republican convention at St. Louis to notify the Hon. Garret A. Hobart of his nomination by that convention for Vice President of the United States, arrived in this city at 11:13 a. m. A special car conveyed the party from Jersey City to Paterson, where they alighted and drove to Mr. Hobart's house in carriages, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, and a number of ladies and gentlemen.

Flags and bunting were displayed along the road to Mr. Hobart's house, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among those who had assembled along the streets and at the house.

At 12 o'clock the band stopped playing, and moved to one side of the piazza, and Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, accompanied by several other ladies and gentlemen, stepped out on the porch.

Charles W. Fairbanks, chairman of the committee, then spoke as follows:

Fairbanks's Speech.

"Mr. Hobart: The Republican national convention recently assembled at St. Louis commissioned us to formally notify you of your nomination for the office of Vice-President of the United States. We are met pursuant to the direction of the convention to perform the agreeable duty assigned us.

"In all the splendid history of the great party which holds our loyal allegiance the necessity was never more urgent for steadfast adherence to those wholesome principles which have been the sure foundation rock of our national prosperity. The demand was never greater for men who hold principle above all else and who are unmoved either by the clamor of the hour or the promises of false teachers.

"The convention at St. Louis in full

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

measure met the high demands of the time in its declaration of party principles and in the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President.

"Sir, the office for which you are nominated is of rare dignity, honor and power. It has been graced by the most eminent statesmen who have contributed to the upbuilding of the strength and glory of the republic.

"Because of your exalted personal character and of your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the enduring principles of a protective tariff, which wisely discriminates in favor of American interests, and to a currency whose soundness and integrity none can challenge, and because of your conspicuous fitness for the exacting and important duties of the high office, the Republican national convention, with a unanimity and enthusiasm rarely witnessed, chose you as our candidate for Vice-President of the United States.

"We know it to be gratifying to you personally to be the associate of William McKinley in the pending contest. For you and your distinguished associate we bespeak the enthusiastic and intelligent support of our countrymen, who desire that prosperity shall again rule throughout the republic."

At the conclusion of Mr. Fairbank's speech, Mr. Hobart replied as follows:

Hobart's Reply.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee—I beg to extend to you my grateful acknowledgements for the very kind and flattering terms in which you convey the formal announcement of my nomination for Vice-President of the United States by the Republican national convention at St. Louis. I am profoundly sensible of the honor which has been done me, and through me to the state in which all my life has been spent, in my selection as a candidate for this high office. I appreciate it the more because I associated me in a contest which involves the very gravest issues, with one who represents in his private character and public career the highest intelligence and best spirit of the country, and with whom my personal relations are such as to afford a guarantee of perfect accord in the work of the campaign which lies before me.

"It is sufficient for me to say at this time that, concurring without reserve in all the declarations of principle and policy embodied in the St. Louis platform, I accept the nomination tendered to me with a full appreciation of its responsibilities, and with an honest purpose, in the event that the people should ratify the choices made by the national convention, to discharge all duties which may devolve upon me with due reference to the public good.

"Let me add that it will be my earnest effort in the coming campaign to contribute in every way possible to the success of the party which we represent, and which as to the important issues of the times stands for the best interests of the people.

Good Money.

"Uncertainty or instability as to the money question involves most serious consequences to every interest and to every citizen of the country.

"The gravity of this question cannot be overestimated. Without a sound financial system no business stability; no real prosperity where the policy of the government as to that question is at all a matter of doubt.

"Gold is the one standard of value among all enlightened commercial nations. All financial transactions of whatever character, all business enterprise, all individual or corporate investments, are adjusted to it. All honest dollar-built with one hundred cents everywhere cannot be coined out of 53 cents' worth of silver plus a legislative fiat.

"Such a debasement of our currency would inevitably bring incalculable loss, appalling disaster, and national dishonor. It is a fundamental principle in coinage, recognized and followed by all the statesmen of America in the past, and never yet safely departed from, that there can be only one basis upon which gold and silver may be concurrently coined as money, and that basis is equality of intrinsic worth, that is the commercial value of the metal contained in the respective coins. This commercial value is fixed by the markets of the world, with which the great interests of our country are necessarily connected by innumerable business ties, which cannot be severed or ignored. Great and self-reliant as our country is, it is great, not alone within its own borders and upon its own resources, but because it also reaches out to the ends of the earth in all the manifold departments of business, exchange and commerce, and must maintain with honor its standing and credit among the nations of the earth.

"The question admits of no compromise. It is a vital principle at stake, but it is in no sense partisan or sectional. It concerns all the people. Ours, as one of the foremost nations, must have a monetary standard equal to the best. It is of vital consequence that this question should be settled now in such a way as to restore public confidence here and everywhere in the integrity of our purpose. A doubt of that integrity among the other great commercial countries of the world will not only cost us millions of money, but that which, as patriots, we should treasure still more highly—our industrial and commercial supremacy.

Protective Tariff.

My estimate of the value of a protective policy has been formed by the study of the object lessons of a great industrial state extending over a period of thirty years. It is that protection not only builds up important industries from small beginnings, but that those and all other industries flourish or languish in proportion as protection is maintained or withdrawn. I have seen it indisputably proved that the prosperity of the farmer, merchant and all other classes of citizens goes hand in hand with that of the manufacturer and mechanic.

I am firmly persuaded that what we need most of all to remove the business paralysis that afflicts this country is the restoration of a policy which, while affording ample revenue to meet the expense of the government, will re-open American workshops on full time and full-handed, with their operatives paid good wages in honest dollars. And this can only come under a tariff which will hold the interests of our own people paramount in our political and commercial systems.

The opposite policy which discourages American enterprise reduces American labor to idleness, diminishes the earnings of American workingmen, opens our markets to commodities from abroad, which we should produce at home, while closing foreign markets against our products and which at the same time, steadily augments the public debt, increases the public burdens, while diminishing the ability of the people to meet them, is a policy which must find its chief popularity elsewhere than among American citizens.

I shall take an early opportunity, gentlemen of the committee, through you to communicate to my fellow citizens with somewhat more of detail, my views concerning the dominant questions of the hour and the crisis which confronts us as a nation.

With this brief expression of my appreciation of the distinguished honor that has been conferred upon me, and this signification of my acceptance of the trust to which I have been summoned I place myself at the service of the Republican party and of the country.

Governor Griggs arrived at Mr. Hobart's house at 11:45 and among those in attendance were Congressmen Fowler, Stewart and Parker.

Fully 3,000 people were gathered in the vicinity of Mr. Hobart's house.

RAINES LAW INQUIRY.

Investigations of the Workings of the Act to Begin On July 15.

New York, July 7.—Senator John Raines's committee which is investigating the workings of the Raines Excise law has been called to meet in this city on July 15. It will have public hearings to determine if there should be any amendments of the law at the next session of the legislature. It will also inquire into the effectiveness of the present administration of the law.

The scope of the investigation is so broad and the power of the committee is of so general a character that it is said the state civil service board may be investigated because of the difficulties which it put in the way of the appointment of the special excise agents.

The committee has been conducting an inquiry by correspondence and collecting data. Chairman Raines is in Philadelphia, but will be in the city tomorrow, and will devote a week to arranging the preliminaries of the hearing.

HARRISON COTTAGE SOLD.

The One Presented to Mrs. Harrison While Her Husband Was President.

Cape May, N. J., July 7.—Ex-President Harrison has sold his cottage here. It is said he received about half what it cost. The purchaser is W. L. Dubois, of Philadelphia. In 1889 Anson H. Hamilton, a land boomer, conceived the idea that to give the President a cottage in the center of anumber of lots for sale would stimulate business. He got several men interested and finally the cottage was given to the late Mrs. Harrison in June, 1892, by John Wanamaker, Gen. William J. Sewell, George W. Childs, Thomas Dolan, William V. McKean and Hamilton.

The President afterward, it is said, gave acheck for $10,000. The adjoining land did not sell, and Hamilton failed for half a million. He is now living in a Western town.

WILL HAVE A DUEL.

Gen. Bradley Johnson to Fight a Spaniard.

(Copyright, 1896, by Associated Press.)

Havana, July 7.—Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, the correspondent of a New York newspaper here, formerly brigadier general of cavalry in the service of the Confederate states, has accepted the challenge to fight a duel made to him by Senor Manuel Ampodia, formerly a captain in the Spanish army. Both gentlemen named their seconds to-day and the meeting will take place in all probability to-morrow.

THE ADVANCE GUARD

Of the Christian Endeavor Hosts at Washington.

Washington, July 7.—The advance guard of the Christian Endeavor convention has put in an appearance. Ohio delegations are expected this evening. Their headquarters will be at the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, and at Fredonia Hotel, close by. Buckeyes will mostly put up while here. A few arrivals are already noted from Ohio, but none of the regular delegates have yet put in an appearance.

Those who have arrived have been wandering around the reservation, somewhat dashed by the picturesque confusion that reigns previous to the completion of the arrangements and decoration of the tents, platform, etc. Everything will be ready, however, for the opening to-morrow.

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

Thus epitomized, the principles of the Christian Endeavorers are emblazoned in white letters on a field of red and blue cloth that hangs gracefully over a temporary pulpit standing in one of the three great tents erected in the White House grounds. In another of the tents has also been hung a motto equally self-explanatory of the purpose of this grand organization—"The World for Christ." The third tent has not yet been supplied with its device of faith, but it will be put in position before the convention assembles to-morrow.

The Washington can put no financial scare, no business stability; no real prosperity where the policy of the government as to that question is at all a matter of doubt.

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CANNOT HELP THEM.

But the Rescuers Are Still Far From the Mines.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 3.—The men at work in the Twin Shaft mine at Pittsburg made fair progress yesterday, according to the official report. Mr. Fuller, secretary of the Newtown Coal company, produced a map of the mine and showed what had been done, a distance of 300 feet down the slope, or about 70 feet from the foot of the slope, being covered.

Secretary Fuller said that the report of the pillars of the Twin mine being all worked but leaving no support for the roof is untrue. Engineer Richards came out of the mine at 6 o'clock last night. He had inspected the day's work, and said that the condidions in the slope were getting better right along.

Another mass meeting was held in Music Hall last night. Additional subscriptions to the amount of $1,200 were received.

Governor Hastings has writen to Mine Inspector Seward Roderick, of Rockwood: Western, of Shenandoah, and Edward Brannon, of Shamokin, suggesting that they meet at the Twin Shaft mine next Monday to investigate the cause of the recent disaster. The inspectors are asked to report in writing to the governor what, in their opinion, was the cause of the accident; whether any precaution was omitted which would have tended to prevent it, and what legislation would, in their judgment, secure miners of the state immunity from risks of this class.

ONE PROOF LACKING.

That is Why Judge Russell Smiles at Mrs. Macesco's Claim.

New York, July 3.—The latest claimant to the estate of the late A. T. Stewart, who arrived in this country Sunday and says she is Mrs. Augusta Macesco, of Bucharest, Roumania, spent some time yesterday at the office of her counsel, Lawyer Robert Noah, No. 194 Broadway.

"Oh, we have all the necessary evidence, such as birth and marriage certificates," said Mr. Noah. "We only lack the proof that James was a brother of Alexander T."

Former Judge Horace Russell is not in the least alarmed over the new claimant for the Stewart millions. He laughed when he heard about her yesterday and put her down as "another crank."

"Mr. Stewart had no brother James," said former Judge Russell, "and hence she could not be related to the late Alexander T. Stewart."

Mrs. Macesco has a rival in a young woman who claims to be an illegitimate daughter of the late millionaire. This woman, who signs herself Mary Mathilde Stewart, of Rue Delhay, Arniche, France, wrote to Mr. Hilton some time ago asking him to help her because she was poor. She said she would give him half of what her father had left her in return for any amount advanced. She claimed to be the child of A. T. Stewart, and Mary Mathilde de Fraser, born in this city April 27, 1862.

Mrs. Macesco says she will probably leave for France Saturday.

ON THE DECLINE.

Rapid Decrease in the Production in United States.

Washington, July 6.—The natural gas production in the United States in 1895 is reviewed in a report of the Geological Survey, compiled by Expert Joseph D. Weeks. The total value was $13,006,650, against $13,954,400 in 1894. The value of the product consumed was $7,920,187, and $9,768,230 was the value of coal or wood displaced by gas. The total pipe laid was 43,820,211 feet, and producing wells opened, 3,826.

The value of the consumption during 1896-95 was greatest in 1888, when it was $242,129,875. From then to 1891 the decrease was rapid, and in the past four years there has been a gradual decline.

The most notable feature of the year was the decreasing pressure in all of the natural gas fields of the country. The life of the wells also has been greatly reduced.

AMERICAN RULES

Soon to Be Adopted by the Grand Trunk in Canada.

Toronto, Ont., July 3.—It is stated on the authority of prominent officials in the service of the Grand Trunk railway that General Manager Hayes proposes to introduce American rules throughout the Grand Trunk system in Canada. Old officials will be compelled to learn the new rules and failing to pass a written examination on them will mean dismissal.

Hitherto the Grand Trunk has been subject to English rules and Mr. Hayes inauguration of what he terms "standard rules" will affect about 10,000 employes. Mr. Hayes has dismissed many old employes, replacing them with Americans, and this proposed change some assert will be a good excuse for importing more employes from the United States. There is talk that to meet the emergency the Federal authorities will be urged to enact an alien law similar to that in the United States.

SILVER IN MEXICO.

Banker Waters of That Country On the Curse of a Debased Currency.

Chicago, July 3.—In an interview H. C. Waters, president of the Bank of England of the City of Mexico, said:

"It is an old story how President Diaz brought Mexico to the silver standard. At the present time this country is in the midst of the silver craze, and while every sound money politician cites Mexico as an example they do not make it strong enough. If gold was the standard in that country at the present time, along with the rule of President Diaz, without a doubt it would be one of the greatest countries of the world. Silver has alone kept it down, and if the United States expects to remain the nation it is at present and has been for years it wants to let silver alone, or it will only be a short time until it will lost its proud standing."

COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE

Has Won the Hearts of the Giddy Parisians—Her Fete.

London, July 7.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says that everybody there is talking of the great Castellane revels, which cost 100,000 francs apart from the 10,000 francs given to public charities. The gorgeous festival was much enjoyed. There were thousands of bottles of champagne, hillocks of sandwiches and pyramids of cakes.

"The Countess de Castellane," the correspondent continues, "is destined to be one of the empresses of Parisian fashion. Transatlantic beauties are carrying all before them, and in a few years the daughters of American millionaires will be wearing halt the coronets in France."

TO THE GRAVE.

Quiet Funeral Services Held Yesterday Afternoon.

Hartford, Conn., July 3.—The funeral services over the body of Harriet Beecher Stowe were solemnized at her late home yesterday afternoon. Only relatives and close friends of the distinguished authoress were present. Previous to the services the public were allowed to view the remains, a large number of colored people being among them. The burial will be on the grounds of Phillips' Academy, where her husband and son are buried.

KANSAS GIRL IN TROUSERS.

Her Awkwardness Startled the Police and She Was Arrested.

Wichita, Kan., July 3.—Miss Laura Scott, a society young girl, conceived the idea of playing "the new woman" in a novel and startling manner, and last night, arrayed in male attire, she started out to do the town. She visited various places where men congregate and mingled freely with them, but her awkwardness betrayed her, and she was arrested by the police.

Another California Murder.

Santa Barbara, Cal., July 7.—A horrible double murder has been committed here. The bodies of Mrs. H. R. Richardson, aged 60, and daughter Ethel, were found. The women had been stabbed and beaten with a club. Intense excitement prevails. There is no clue to the murderers.

Every man should read the offer of Thos. Slater on page 3 of this paper.

Blood Humors

EVERY humor, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, are now speedily cured by

Cuticura Resolvent

A SKIN and blood purifier of incomparable purity and curative power. Purely vegetable, safe, innocent, and palatable. It appeals to all, and especially mothers, nurses, and children.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

"How to Cure Blood and Skin Humors," free.

TRUSTED EMPLOYE GOES WRONG.

Clerk of a New York Importing House Said to Be Short.

New York, July 3.—It became known in the dry goods trade Wednesday that William Kruse, for more than thirty years a trusted employe of the importing firm of C. A. Auffmordt & Co., had sailed for Glasgow on Friday, leaving behind him reports that he was in default to his firm and others to an amount variously estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. The report of Kruse's departure was confirmed by John F. Degner, a member of the firm. Mr. Degener, however, denied that the alleged defalcation would reach even the minimum figures. That certain securities are missing, however, is confirmed, and experts are at work on the books. Speculation in Wall street is given as the cause of Kruse's difficulty.

NEW POPULIST RAILROAD.

Incorporated to Be Built Between Hartley and Sioux City, Iowa.

Primghar, Iowa, July 2.—Articles of incorporation of a new Populist railway, to be known as the Western Iowa road, between Hartley and Sioux City, were filed yesterday. Headquarters will be at Sutherland, and the Northwestern will be paralleled part of the way. The articles make several very peculiar provisions. The capital stock is fixed at $750,000. Shares will be $20 each, payable at $2 apiece when issued, and $2 per month thereafter. No dividend may be declared in excess of 5 per cent per annum, no officer paid over $2,400, no interest-bearing debt contracted, and no stockholder allowed to cast more than one vote, whatever his interest in the company.

TIN PLATE MILLS CLOSED.

Wage Question Couldn't Be Settled and Lockout Followed.

Anderson, Ind., July 1.—The hot mill department of the National Tin Plate Works was closed last evening. In response to a telegram from the officers of the Amalgamated association for the men to walk out, 100 are thrown out of employment immediately, and other departments will necessarily have to close within two weeks, throwing all out, in all 400 men. Manager Donner had submitted a proposition to his men, but they refused to consider it, referring him to the association.

To-day every tin plate plant here is closed because of the failure to agree upon wages, and now 400 men are unconditionally locked out.

MILLS SHUTTING DOWN.

Muncie, Ind., Sees Two Thousand Men Thrown Out of Work.

Muncie, Ind., July 1.—Ball Brothers' fruit jar factory, which has turned out 3,000 car loads, or over 40,000,000 fruit jars, this season, closed last night, throwing 1,500 hands out of employment until September.

The Midland Steel works, employing 1,000, and the Indiana Iron works employing as many hands, close last night to make repairs, until August1. The Midland has signed the Amalgamated wage scale for next year, but the Indiana Iron company has not. Ball Brothers claim that their stock, as big as it is, will run short of the demand. The Port Green glass factory, employing 200 hands, close last night.

JURY DISAGREED.

Alleged Filibusters Not Convicted in New York.

New York, July 2.—The jury in the case of John D. Hart, Captain John O'Brien, Mate Edward Murphy and Col. Emilio Nunez, of the steamship Bermuda, charged with violation of the neutrality laws in aiding and abetting military expedition to Cuba, to-day rendered a sealed statement of disagreement to Judge Brown, in the United States circuit court. The jury was discharged and on motion of the United States district attorney, MacFarlane, the men were placed in the custody of their recognizances renewed.

GRANTED WEALTH IN COURT.

Posthumous Brooklyn Child Declared to Be Heiress to $45,000.

New York, July 3.—Margaretha Mayer, ten months old, was present in Surrogate Abbot's court in Brooklyn yesterday when she was declared an heiress to $45,000 in real estate and cash in bank. The baby cooed and laughed and was the recipient of innumerable kisses and embraces by the friends of Mrs. Mayer, who held up the little one for admiration. She was born eight months and two days after the death of her father.

FRAUD CONVICTED.

Promoter Who Badly Needs Some of His Lands.

Santa Fe, N. M., July 2.—The jury in the case against James Addison Peralta Reavis, charged with attempting to defraud the government with an alleged Spanish grant covering twelve million acres of land in Arizona, returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Laughlin postponed sentence till July 18, at which time he will hear arguments for a new trial.

FILIBUSTERS RELEASED.

Not Enough Evidence to Hold the Men.

Key West, Fla., July 2.—A. W. Barrs and others, charged with filibustering in connection with the steamers City of Key West and Three Friends appeared before United States Commissioner Ramon Alvarez yesterday. After hearing evidence and arguments Commissioner Alvarez ordered the discharge of the accused on the ground that evidence was not sufficient to justify him in holding them.

Know What Hit' Em.

Anderson, Ind., July 2.—Fifty workers of the Anderson Wire and Rod Mills formed a McKinley club yesterday, and have established a camp for the summer on the banks of the White river, five miles east of Anderson. A large tent was spread and a camp will be run on the military plan. The tent is covered with pictures of the Republican nominee. The closing of the mills recently left the men out of work, and they have enrolled quite a number of Democrats.

Senator Voorhees's Health.

Terre Haute, Ind., July 3.—It is understood here at Senator Voorhees's home that there is no likelihood he will attend the Chicago convention, although he was selected as a delegate-at-large to head the delegation. The senator is to go, if he has not already gone, to Northern Michigan, where it is hoped his health may be improved. Heretofore it has been his custom to go to Hot Springs at the end of each session of Congress, but this year it was feared he could not stand the enervating climate.

Off to the Mountains.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 7.—Ex-President and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison left yesterday for New York on their way to the Adirondacks to spend the summer. It is learned from Mr. Harrison's friends that he does not expect to return to Indiana until shortly before the election. He does not expect to take any active part in the coming campaign.

BLAND'S DAUGHTER.

Is In Chicago Taking in the Convention—Her Papa's Chances.

Chicago, July 7.—Miss Fannie A. Bland, the eldest daughter of the man who may be the next President of the United States, is in Chicago visiting the family of Morris Trumbull, of No. 4544 Oakenwald avenue.

Miss Bland is an extremely interesting little personality. She is 20 years of age, rather slight, has a clear olive complexion, large eyes that look brown in one light and black in another, and a profusion of hair which matches her sloe-like eyes. She sat in Mr. Trumbull's parlor last evening and talked entertainingly.

"I presume I ought to be a politician," she said, "for our house has been in Washington a large part of the season for a good many years, but in the earlier part of our residence there I was too young to be interested in anything beyond those simple little things which are attractive to children. Last year I attended the Holy Cross Academy, a private boarding school, and expect to graudate from there next school year.

"What are my tastes? Oh, I don't know. I presume they are those of the average young woman whose life has been uneventful. I play the piano and the guitar a little, and am interested in almost any art topic in a general way. I do not think anybody could charge me with being distinctly literary, although I am extremely fond of poetry. I might even make the admission that I have written a few verses myself. Longfellow and Tennyson are my favorites."

GRANDNIECE OF PULASKI

Claims That Uncle Sam Owes Her $2,000,000.

Brooklyn, July 7.—In a little back room on the top floor of a house on Johnson street is living in the utmost poverty a grand-niece of Count Casimir Pulaski, the valiant Pole who fought and died for American freedom in the Revolutionary war. She has been here for over 20 years, trying to get from the United States government $2,000,000 which her great relative loaned to the Continental Congress.

Her maiden name was Josephine Suffezyuski. She is the widow of a wealthy Pole named Jarocka. In 1863 her husband and brother were sent to Siberia for supposed complicity in the Polish insurrection, and their estates were confiscated. She followed them to Siberia, maintaining their innocence. She then turned to this government for aid. During President Grant's administration she was brought to this country. President Arthur and Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln gave her a position in the quartermaster's department, where she earned enough to support herself.

When President Cleveland came into office she was dismissed from her position. She had no money and soon became an inmate of a home in Washington. Her persistence led to a charge that she was insane, and she was placed in an asylum, but was soon set free. She tried to see President Cleveland, but in vain.

"Some one told him," said the careworn woman to-day, with a pathetic smile, "that I was a crank and wanted to assassinate him. Do I look like an assassin?"

Her one thought now is to get enough money to return to Russia.

YOUNG VANDERBILT

And Miss Wilson Will Marry This Week—Their Whereabouts.

Newport, R. I., July 7.—The Wilson villa, in Narragansett avenue, is occupied only by Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson. Miss Grace Wilson will remain at the New York house till her wedding day, which, it is said here, will be this week. Her parents, however, absolutely refuse to discuss the matter. Miss Wilson has as her companion and guests at the New York house Miss Alice Blight, her nearest and dearest friend, who was to be her bridesmaid had her wedding to Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., taken place as previously planned.

All that can be learned from the Wilsons and their friends here would seem to indicate that young Vanderbilt is still firm in his resolve to marry Miss Wilson at all hazards. Miss Blight will remain with Miss Wilson till her marriage. It is understood that the honeymoon will not be spent in Newport.

HOBART VISITS CANTON.

Has a Talk With McKinley On the Coming Campaign.

Canton, O., July 1.—Governor McKinley drove to the Fort Wayne station shortly after 10 o'clock this morning to personally meet and greet his invited guest, Hon. Garret A. Hobart, who arrived yesterday from his home in Paterson, N. J., that he would call on the Governor to-day. The latter went, as is usual on such occasions, in the modest family carriage drawn by a single horse and driven by his nephew, Samuel Saxton. There was a large crowd of people gathered at the station to witness the meeting of the two distinguished men, although the affair was informal in every respect.

Governor McKinley waited in his carriage while the big crowd at the station divided at the train yard leaving an open space for him to pass through, which he did unescorted as a private citizen, reaching the train just as the car carrying Mr. Hobart stopped in front of him. Governor McKinley quickly extended his hand and stepped sprightly to the car step, and the recognition was equally prompt on Mr. Hobart's part.

As the meeting was entirely informal and no public demonstration had been desired, the time of Mr. Hobart's coming not having been made public until this morning Governor McKinley and his guest were driven quickly to the former's home, where a crowd of newspaper men and photographers were waiting. Mr. Hobart was presented to a number of Governor McKinley's neighbors as the pair alighted from the carriage, after which they immediately retired to the library in the Major's home.

It is not probable that either Governor McKinley or Mr. Hobart will make any stumping campaign. It is understood that at the conference of the Republican nominees to-day it was mutually agreed, as far as present intentions are concerned, that neither of them will depart from his home for any campaign tour.

GOV. MCKINLEY'S VACATION.

Will Probably Remain Right in Canton Until After Election.

Canton, O., July 1.—It is believed this morning that Governor McKinley has virtually decided to give up any idea of complying with the wishes of his friends, that he take a rest, as contemplated by them in a proposed visit to the Osborn home near Boston. The governor never appeared in better health than when he greeted Mr. Hobart this morning, and he does not show the slightest fatigue after the constant and exacting cares he has had upon him for the past several months. It is probable that he will remain in Canton until the campaign closes and the election result is known.

This evening the Ohio Christian Endeavorers in convention here will call, 3,000 strong, and give Governor McKinley the Chautauqua salute.

A special train reached Canton from Medina, one hundred miles distant, bringing hundreds of citizens from that place to pay their respects to the Republican nominee.

Pedagogues at Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 7.—Fully 4,000 delegates to the National Educational convention have arrived in this city. The national council resumed its session Monday morning. The principal speaker was Prof. William A. Mowry, of Hyde Park, Mass., chairman of the committee on school sanitation. At the afternoon session "The High School and Its Functions" was under discussion, the subject being introduced by William H. Bartholomew, of Louisville, Ky., chairman of the committee on Secondary Education. The meetings of the general sessions began this morning.

Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 is a beacon of hope to all men.

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A WISE PARROT.

How a Dastardly Conspiracy Was Revenled in New York.

New York, July 2.—Had it not been for a green parrot of German descent, Wilhelm Rath would not, perhaps, now be confined in the Hudson county jail charged with a cowardly crime. This particular green parrot was named Polly, of course, and early in life learned the fine art of loquaciousness.

On Monday morning Rath was arrested, charged with an attempt to blow up the household of his next-door neighbor, Frank Hilsenbeck. He was immediately arraigned before Justice Douglass, of Jersey City, and a strong circumstantial case being made against him, he was held for trial in $1,000 bail despite his tearful protestations of innocence.

Polly's part in what came very near being a tragedy was not revealed in the court proceedings of Monday because the witnesses against the accused were mostly nervous women who told about one-third of what they really knew, but yesterday they were calmer and remembered more.

According to these women there is only one soft spot in the heart of Wilhelm Rath, and that is reserved exclusively for Polly, who has been the old man's constant company for nearly a dozen years. She always slept at night on the pillow beside his head, and in the daytime, whether he was at work or at leisure, she was